

# SARGENT'S

## NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. I.

NEW-YORK, MARCH, 1843.

No. III.

### PRACTITIONERS AND PATIENTS.

BY HELEN BERKLEY.

"Ah! Doctor, how d'ye do? Just the person I was thinking of!" said Dr. Quackenboss, as he drew up his comfortable cab-like gig in front of the Carlton House, and beside the foreign-looking vehicle of a fashionable contemporary. "On your way to Percy's, Doctor?"

"Dr. Quackenboss—how are you, sir? I am on my way to Mr. Percy's—hem—let your garçon drive on and take a seat beside me; you see I have room for four;" said Dr. Honeywood giving his reins to his liveried tiger.

Dr. Quackenboss had alighted with characteristic nimbleness, and accepted the offer almost before it was made.—Dr. Honeywood courteously made room for him, submitted to the troublesome necessity of drawing off his lemon-colored gloves, and very slightly touched the Samson-like fingers of his companion.

"Interesting case that of Mr. Percy's ward, Doctor?" commenced Dr. Quackenboss.

"Miss Ruthven? Oh! yes—very interesting—hem.—What was it you thought of her symptoms, Doctor?"

"The old story—nothing new in science now-a-days—it's all the same rehearsal of  
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the past. Doctor, you know my theory that medicine, (as well as history,)

'With all her volumes vast

Has but one page.'

My practice, Doctor—and you must allow it is rather extensive—has taught me that almost all the ills "flesh is heir to," (epidemics excepted,) may be summed up in the word *imagination*—different diseases are but the different vagaries of imagination on different constitutions. To cure them you must influence the imagination. Doctor, I call Miss Ruthven's case a confirmed case of *imagination*!" Dr. Quackenboss uttered these last words with energetic solemnity.

"Oh! yes—just so—just so"—returned Dr. Honeywood musingly; "as you say, imagination does a great deal—no disputing that. I've heard the same thing from men of the highest reputation in Europe. Besides, the lady was your patient before I was called in; you know her constitution. Her cough is rather severe though?"

"Spasmodic, Doctor, or occasioned by thinking about it; nothing more! Only remember the venerable lady, who had had the asthma *ten years*, and whom Sir Humphrey Davy cured in ten minutes by just touching a thermometer under her tongue!

What do you call that but a case of asthmatic imagination?"

"Exactly—Sir Humphrey was a great man—I knew a friend of his abroad."

"You have travelled all over Europe, Doctor, and ought to know best; but for my part, I have found bread and honey pills the most efficacious remedy for palpitations, coughs, headaches, nervousness, in fact every thing, as I said before, epidemics excepted."

"Right, Doctor—no disputing your opinion—bread and honey pills, good things—very good things!"

"To be sure they are! And, Doctor, I am convinced that this practice of influencing the imagination has been resorted to by men of science since the world began. What was *Perkinism* but tickling the imagination with metallic tractors, and convincing people they were cured? What is *Animal Magnetism* but soothing the imagination by *passes*, and persuading people they are asleep, and you can work wonders on them? What is *Homœopathy*, pray, but dosing the imagination in a mysterious and incomprehensible manner? Doctor, I tell you the influence of *mind* upon *matter* is not appreciated now-a-days—not appreciated." Dr. Quackenboss was obliged to pause to take breath.

"Just so—incomprehensible manner as you say—not appreciated—hem.—By the way, the young lady is an heiress is she not?"

"She is an only child; her father died very rich, and she was left sole heiress. Her father's will brings her into possession of his estate on the day of her marriage, or on her twenty-first birthday. Her guardian, Mr. Percy, has a large family and is in very embarrassed circumstances. As he was a bosom friend of Ruthven's it's rather astonishing that he was left no legacy. However, he will be well enough off, for Miss Ruthven was engaged, before her father's death, to Percy's eldest son."

"Ah! indeed—where is he at present?"

"In Charleston, just commencing business for himself. I have heard, but it sounds rather improbable, and, indeed, I myself am inclined to doubt it, that young Mr. Percy purposely postponed his union with the heiress until he was prosperously established in commerce."

"Rather improbable story, I should say—might have done a century ago—hem.—What was to become of the property, in case Miss Ruthven died before she came of age, and unmarried?"

"In that case, the property goes to a distant branch of the family; a fashionable widow with three daughters. I believe you are acquainted with her—Mrs. Wurdley?"

"Ah! Mrs. Wurdley! Know her very well—fascinating woman—one of the *élites*. So you don't think the young lady is in any danger?"

"Not the slightest! young girls are fanciful—like to think themselves ill. You must have seen thousands of such cases!"

"Certainly, certainly—very common. I agree with you perfectly."

As Dr. Honeywood said these words, his vehicle stopped before a small two story house in a rather unfashionable part of the city.

Dr. Quackenboss led the way to a miniature parlor, remarkable for its extreme neatness and the absence of every thing resembling luxury. An elderly lady sat beside the small stove, surrounded by a group of rosy-looking children, with their books and slates. There was something remarkably prepossessing in her appearance; and her smile, as she rose to receive them, would have been a passport to any heart untrenched in the impenetrable mail of conventionalism.

"How d'ye do? How are you, Mrs. Percy?" said Dr. Quackenboss in a spirited tone, and with some *empressment* of manner. "Dr. Honeywood and myself are early you see. Sorry to say I have only a few moments to spare—patients waiting for me all over the city! How is the fair Marion to-day?"

"You shall see her immediately, Doctor," replied Mrs. Percy. "Lucy, my dear, tell Marion to come down stairs without delay."

"I sincerely hope, madam—hem—I hope, Mrs. Percy, that Miss Ruthven finds herself considerably relieved this morning—hem—I anticipate—hem—seeing her quite recovered;" said Dr. Honeywood.

"Ah! Doctor, we have many fears," began Mrs. Percy sorrowfully.

"Fears, madam! Have I not told you

that was because your imagination was so active?" interrupted Dr. Quackenboss.

"But, Doctor, her cough is really dreadful—the night sweats continue, and she has no appetite. Do you not think these alarming symptoms, sir?" And Mrs. Percy turned to the elder practitioner.

"My dear madam—hem—they are of very frequent occurrence—we meet with them every day—hem—ha—no cause for alarm, my dear madam—none whatever."

"We trust every thing to you, sir; but indeed we are very much distressed. Would you think it advisable to call in further advice?" inquired Mrs. Percy; in her anxiety hardly knowing what she was saying, and only remembering that "in the multitude of counsel there is wisdom."

"Nonsense, nonsense!" said Dr. Quackenboss, hastily. "Beg pardon, ma'am—I say nothing of myself, for there are enough to speak of me, but what advice *could* you have superior to Dr. Honeywood's? His fame has spread all over the continent. His time is so engrossed that he is obliged to be exclusive, and only visit his especial friends. My case is so similar, madam, that friendship for you alone—"

"I acknowledge all that, Doctor; but Marion is really—"

The entrance of Miss Ruthven precluded further conversation on the subject. Surely there was little of the invalid in the bound of her elastic step—the cloud-like varyings of her animated countenance—the sphere of joyousness which seemed to encircle her. True, her form was delicate to fragility, but then she had not yet attained the rounded maturity of womanhood. Her blue eyes shone with peculiar lustre; but how could it be otherwise when her bright spirit sparkled so constantly through them? The tint of her cheek was like the hue of the crimsoning autumn leaf, when it seems to blush that its glory is departing—but might not that have been the flush of exercise, or the rosy gift of youth and health?

"Bright as a May morning, eh! Miss Marion?" began Dr. Quackenboss. "We shall hear next that Niblo has prohibited your walking in his green-house, if you persist in carrying such emulous roses on your cheeks. How do you do to-day? Only a few

moments to spend with you—patients waiting for me in every direction."

Marion had no time to reply before Dr. Honeywood addressed her.

"Looking well, my dear young lady—looking well—hem—how are you, my dear? hem—ha!" and Dr. Honeywood wiped his mouth, and then his eyes, and took Marion's small transparent hand within his, and fastened his fingers and attention on her pulse, with all the gravity necessary for the performance of that difficult operation.

"I think I am easier this morning, Doctor," said Marion.

"Pulse weak—hem—rather weak—ha—quite weak;" continued Dr. Honeywood.

"That's from confinement to the house, Doctor, nothing else," said Dr. Quackenboss.

"Just so, just so, too much confinement, my dear young lady,—must take exercise, my dear—hem—ha—any pain in your chest, my dear young lady?"

"I have considerable pain," said Marion, lowering her tone lest it should reach the ear of Mrs. Percy.

"Not a very good symptom; we must look to that, Doctor."

"Not important, Doctor; I have a pain in my chest myself very frequently, and a healthier man does not ride through Broadway."

"True, Doctor, true; pains may exist without the slightest internal disease. Hem—you are improving rapidly, my dear young lady—improving. Oblige me with a sight of your tongue, my dear?" And Dr. Honeywood wiped his eyes once more with considerable deliberation, and then his mouth, and then his spectacles, in preparation for the all-important inspection.

"Hem—ha—furred; rather furred, quite furred! What do you think, Doctor?"

"A little white; want of air and exercise; nothing at all!"

"It's often much worse," timidly suggested Mrs. Percy.

"Just so, just so,—not so bad as I think I've seen it, my dear," said the accommodating man of science, accustomed to adapt his vision to the sight of all around him. "We'll soon remedy that, my dear young lady."

"We're delighted to find you so well,

Miss Marion, and—" Dr. Quackenboss was interrupted by the entrance of a lady, somewhat past her prime, whose studied and dashing attire, and the faded charms it was intended to heighten, or restore, called forcibly to mind Goldsmith's expression of

"The glaring impotence of dress."

This lady threw her arms around Marion the instant she entered the room, and kissed her with the utmost tenderness. Mrs. Percy she saluted with more formality.

"It is a great gratification for me to find you here, gentlemen," said she, addressing the medical attendants. "I have been so worried about this dear girl! You must take the utmost care of her precious health. I presume there is no danger? I have been so distressed!" and the lady really did look very anxious. It might be, more *anxious* than grieved.

"No danger at all, my dear Mrs. Wurdley," said Dr. Quackenboss. "How charming you are looking! It's always a pleasure to meet you. Excessively sorry I am in such haste—upwards of a hundred calls to make this morning—have kept every body waiting, to see Miss Marion."

Mrs. Wurdley, with a smile and a bow, turned from the gentleman to Dr. Honeywood, whom she addressed in a lower tone.

"I am very much concerned about dear Marion's health, Doctor. I am afraid her symptoms are very serious? Do tell me the truth?" And Mrs. Wurdley's voice and face expressed the utmost alarm.

Dr. Honeywood possessed no small insight into character. "Quite serious, my dear madam,—I *have* fears—hem—it's always best to keep these things quiet you know," was his reply.

"Alas, misfortunes *will* come," said the lady resignedly; every trace of alarm having mysteriously vanished from her face. "Now that I know the worst, my solicitude is quieted: she is so young too—wants eight months of being twenty-one! Is it likely she will linger long, Doctor?"

Dr. Honeywood had not forgotten Miss Ruthven's fortune, and its next inheritor; and replied, "Not long, my dear madam—hem—we must do our best; my opinion is—hem—ha—I am fearful the young lady may

overhear. I hope to meet you again, my dear madam."

"I shall never be sufficiently grateful to you, dear Doctor, for your attention to dear Marion, and the interest you take in her," said Mrs. Wurdley, aloud. "We are all so grateful!"

The Doctor bowed, took up his hat, and drew on his gloves.

"Doctor," said Mrs. Percy timidly, "would not a *Nuremburg plaster* do Marion good?"

"Nuremburg plaster? Certainly—certainly—good thing!"

"Or a *medicated plaster*," suggested Mrs. Wurdley.

"Certainly—hem—medicated plaster will do; both good—hem.—Ladies, I wish you a very good morning. Doctor, are you ready?"

"Quite ready, Doctor. I have staid here too long, but I leave *fair* excuses behind me. Mrs. Percy—Mrs. Wurdley—Miss Marion, good morning, see you to-morrow—sorry I'm in such haste. Don't get your imagination excited, Miss Marion—good morning!"

A month passed on, and every day spread additional gloom over the quiet, well-regulated household of Mr. and Mrs. Percy. Marion was beloved—(and who could know her and doubt she was beloved for herself?) alike by children and by parents. The very mention of her indisposition would moisten even the eyes of menials. All "hoped against hope," for her strength was visibly failing. Her laugh was still the merriest, her eye the brightest, her cheek the rosiest, her spirit the most unclouded. But that lustrous eye had become sunken, that richly hued cheek hollow, and the gayety of her spirit was like the flame of a torch, which burns brightest before it expires.

The visits of the two celebrated physicians continued daily. Dr. Quackenboss still talked of imagination, and assured Mrs. Percy that Miss Marion was well, or getting well. He still declared himself in a great hurry; had never a moment to spare—sick patients were calling on him in their agony on every side. Yet, once ensconced in the inviting arm-chair especially devoted to Miss Ruthven's use, he generally had the good-nature to bestow an hour or two of his invaluable attendance on the Percys; talking over the



topics of the day, and expatiating upon his new theory concerning imagination. What fault could the family find with him? Certainly he did his duty, and sacrificed a large portion of his precious time, out of pure friendship, as he declared to them. Of course his daily, but paltry, five dollar fee, was not to a man of his disinterestedness a matter of consideration. If any evidence of his extensive practice was needed, it was found in the fact that almost every Sunday he was summoned out of church in the midst of prayers, or the instant the sermon commenced. His anxiety for his patients could be discerned, on such occasions, in the trepidation and haste with which he rose, and, regardless of the congregation, noisily hurried away.

As for Dr. Honeywood, who was called in at the earnest request of Mrs. Percy, shortly before our story commences, he was the most popular physician in New-York. He possessed the invaluable faculty of pleasing every body; of seeing with every body's eyes; hearing with every body's ears; comprehending with every body's understanding; of giving consequence to every body's opinion by discovering, that it was precisely his own.

It is related of La Fayette, that when he was receiving company at Castle Garden, New-York, two young gentlemen called upon him together. After expressing his happiness at seeing them, to the first he said, "You are a married man I suppose, sir?" The gentleman answered in the affirmative. La Fayette cordially shook hands with him, exclaiming, "happy fellow! happy fellow!" To the second gentleman, he put the same question. His visitor, as he replied in the negative, felt for the first time, that it was a misfortune to be a bachelor. To his surprise, La Fayette no sooner heard his answer, than he gave him a hearty slap on the shoulder, and cried out, "lucky dog! lucky dog!" This anecdote Dr. Honeywood heard in his youth, and he then made up his mind to adopt this one (as he termed it) *great* principle of action, of his illustrious predecessor. Perhaps he was slightly, very slightly, indebted to this determination for being considered the most amiable, sensible, polished individual in the known world. After pass-

ing a few years of relaxation in Europe, he returned to New-York, and himself assured the Americans of the enviable reputation he had gained abroad. What better authority could they have had? Was it any wonder that he became the lion of physicians, or that he emulated King Midas in the manufacture of gold?

Marion's weakness increased so rapidly, that she herself soon became aware that it was attended with dangerous consequences. Her union with Eustace Percy had been two years delayed, because her lover felt that the disinterestedness of his motives might be doubted, while his family were in straitened circumstances, and he himself not yet permanently established in business. He had embarked, shortly after Mr. Ruthven's death, for Charleston, and was now engaged in commerce in that city.

Marion wrote to her lover the instant her own fears were excited, and begged him to hasten to New-York. From that time her decline was marked and fearfully rapid. Mr. Percy received her letter, and left Charleston the next day, with feelings which baffle description. His family had soon the happiness of welcoming him amongst them, and he the grief of beholding his fair Marion drooping like a flower with the worm at its root.

For a few days previous to his arrival, Marion was compelled by debility to pass the greater portion of the day upon her couch. But now her sufferings had entirely ceased, and the knell-like cough which convulsed her tender frame no longer pierced the ears and hearts of those around her. She was reclining upon the sofa on the evening of her lover's arrival, with her head resting fondly on his shoulder. His young sisters and brothers, as usual, thronged about her; some kneeling beside her, some holding her hands, others bathing her temples, and all anxious to prove their solicitude for the beloved one.

"Are you all here?" said Marion, looking round her affectionately.

"All but mother—Lucy shall call her," replied Eustace.

Mrs. Percy was summoned. When she appeared, Marion raised herself with more strength than she had evinced for weeks.

Her eyes lost the expression of languor, which of late had clouded their blue heaven. The huskiness of her voice was gone; her tones regained all their touching melody. Every heart grew lighter at these symptoms of returning health.

"Dear Eustace," said Marion, "I did not send for you merely for the happiness of beholding you once more; and I feel—I know that I have little time left for the expression of my desires. To you, my more than parent, I have these two years been indebted for what I cannot thank you. Wealth can command much, but not the heart's guardianship—not the parental guidance you have bestowed upon me. A little longer—only a little longer I shall need that care—"

Mr. Percy turned away his head, and his wife could not repress her sobs.

Eustace exclaimed with deep emotion, "Marion! do not talk thus, unless you would break our hearts! You will remain with us, to be our blessing—our beacon—"

"In your memories, I trust, I shall remain—and your beacon I will indeed be, but shining from another land. Its light will lure you thither, Eustace, where I shall await your coming. Do not stop me; it is of temporal things I would speak. The wealth my father left me would be indeed a poor return for the heart's riches you have all lavished upon me. Yet, poor as it is, you must accept it when I shall have nothing else to offer—pray do not interrupt me—I am not yet of age, but by my union with you, Eustace, I shall have power to bestow the perishable gift, which will be my last. We have little time to lose—to-morrow—tomorrow night, you will receive my hand. Father, mother, give me the right to call you so while you yet may hear me? Forgive me, Eustace," and she smiled, "if I force upon you a bride less merry than you could have wished?"

"Do not speak thus, Marion, if you would not drive me mad. You will recover—indeed you will. What motives would the world attribute, think you, to my parents and myself, if these hasty nuptials took place? Do not look thus—it cannot—must not be—you will be restored to us, and then—"

"If my restoration is possible, it will be

accomplished through this medium. Remove the solicitude, which oppresses me, by acquiescing in my desires, and it will assist my recovery more than any other human means. Eustace, it *must* be—it is my last request. Oh! are the wishes of the dying so lightly refused? To-morrow—not an hour beyond to-morrow evening."

He dared not excite the sinking girl either by a refusal or further discussion. Mrs. Percy instantly saw the danger of thwarting her wishes, and warned her son. He gave a forced assent to Marion's request, and she was persuaded to remain silent and quiet for the rest of the evening.

Marion looked better, and conversed more gayly, the next day than she had done for weeks previous. She seemed buoyed up by hope; sustained from within. Once only, Eustace endeavored to remonstrate with her, but her agitation became so excessive, that he was forced to desist. She would not even listen to a short delay, but insisted that the ceremony should take place, in privacy, that very evening.

The day wore away, and even the reluctant lover forgot his scruples, in the indescribable happiness, which filled his heart, as the hour that was to make him a bridegroom approached. Evening found the hopeful family assembled in the drawing-room, awaiting the clergyman. Eustace gazed with more than a lover's tremulous emotion upon his placid bride. He sighed as he beheld her cheek as tintless and pure as the white gossamer robe that harmonized so well with her shadowy loveliness; but when he marked the holy calm, which illumined her spiritualized countenance, he could have bowed the knee before her as to a visitant from some higher sphere.

There was a quiet happiness diffused around the apartment, and entering the spirit of all. Every face reflected the serene joy mirrored on that of Marion. The clergyman entered the room. The preparations were concluded; the bride and bridegroom were summoned to stand forth, that their mutual vow might there be breathed on earth, and echoed in heaven.

Marion made an effort to rise, but a sudden faintness overpowered her.

"For heaven's sake, dear Marion, let this

ceremony be delayed," said her terrified lover.

"Not an hour—not a moment—I am better—ready—quite ready." And she rose with renewed strength. They stood together before the man of God. The ceremony commenced. As it proceeded, the arm of Eustace encircled the waist of his bride, and gave her that support, which her limbs were fast refusing. His own vow was uttered, in spite of his agitation, clearly and distinctly. The minister turned to Marion, and the solemn question, of whether she would take Eustace for her wedded husband was put to her. A pause—a long, fearful pause ensued. No answer came. Every eye was now turned in terror on Marion. Her own eyes were fixed vacantly upon the clergyman—her colorless lips apart, but no sound proceeded from betwixt them. Yet, she was not fainting—she did not even tremble—she seemed petrified, powerless. Again the question was asked. The words "*till death ye do part*," seemed to bring back her consciousness. A sudden effort spread a faint glow over her cheek. Her eyes closed gently and opened again—her lips quivered, and gave forth a sound that seemed to proceed from no human voice, so clear and hollow was its tone. They uttered but two words—"I will!" Her head sank lifelessly upon her bosom. The circling arm of Eustace sustained an increased weight. Forgetful, regardless of every thing, he caught her frantically to his breast, called on her name; pressed her icy lips to his own! They chilled his very soul! Those lips gave no return—that heart beat no response—those words were the last she ever spoke! She had passed from them—had gone to behold her vow registered in heaven. In the land of endless joy to await her reunion with her bridegroom!

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"Most surprising case I ever met with in the whole course of my practice!" said Dr. Quackenboss, as he stood beside Marion's couch some two hours afterwards, surrounded by her weeping friends. "It only confirms me in the belief that an excited imagination may produce death, if not checked in the beginning. It is a disease that I shall

henceforth regard as fatal. Is not this self-evident, Doctor?"

"Just so—just so—" returned Dr. Honeywood, dolorously. "Just what I expected from the first! Pray do not weep, dear madam, I am grieved—dreadfully grieved myself—hem—I took a father's interest in the dear young lady. But there is no hope in such cases. I felt that it would end thus." And the Doctor wiped his eyes with unusual care, (as though searching out a tear,) but not until he had, as usual, performed the same office for his mouth.

"Oh! but Doctor," sobbed out Marion's favorite little Lucy, "you said poor Marion would get well—you said so every day—oh! oh! oh! you did, Doctor!"

"My dear—hem—my dear young lady—hem—that was because we were doing all that humanity could do for her. Doctor, you know the exertions we made?"

"I do indeed," returned Dr. Quackenboss. "And I call upon Dr. Honeywood," added he, in a solemn and elevated tone, "as a medical man of the highest repute in this community, to say whether every possible means which skill could devise was not carried into execution to save her!"

"Just so, Doctor, I can testify to that. It was one of those cases, for which there is no cure."

"Yes, Doctor, the imagination! the imagination! I am now convinced, that it can be fatal. And since it is so potent, why should it not be? But I've a thousand calls to make this morning—patients waiting in every quarter. My dear Mrs. Percy, I condole with you sincerely. I am excessively grieved that I am obliged to leave you in such haste. I do assure you, that every thing has been done; which must be a great consolation to you, as well as to ourselves. I am forced to be in unusual haste. Good morning."

Dr. Honeywood was called in, the same day, to attend upon Mrs. Wurdley, who was taken suddenly ill. Her indisposition was attributable, she said, entirely to the grief occasioned by dear Marion's death. Her conversation, however, turned principally upon the imprudence, not to say *criminality*, of the Percys, in permitting the young lady's marriage, while she was in so delicate a

state; and her own belief, that as the ceremony was not entirely concluded the contract would not be considered valid. Dr. Honeywood agreed with her perfectly, which, unfortunately, was more than the Chancellor, some months afterwards, had the civility to do.

Dr. Quackenboss paid an unusual number of calls on the day of Marion's decease,

and succeeded in persuading himself, and perhaps a few others, that the case was one of imagination. Alas! it would have been greater consolation, and worthier of his rhetorical powers, could he have convinced the breaking hearts, gathered round that beauteous corpse, that the death they mourned was an *imaginary* one!

## A FRAGMENT.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

As some vast lake, where thousand currents tend  
And chafe and glitter as their waters blend,  
Now fresh and stainless from their mountain home,  
Now by rough channels scoured to eddying foam,  
Or darkly turbid, as with sullen toil  
They sweep in shadow through the loosening soil,  
Flung from tall cliffs in many a bright cascade,  
Or creeping voiceless through the leafy shade,—  
So, in the scene of man's tumultuous strife,  
Mingle and melt the murmuring waves of life.

There he that basks in fortune's noontide blaze  
Spreads his gay honors to the vulgar gaze;  
There the pale artist writes his lowly name,  
And faints for bread to feed the vulture fame;  
There haggard vice secures his last retreat,  
And shameless hearts grow harder as they meet;  
There the lost exile, friendless and alone,  
Broods o'er his griefs, unknowing and unknown;  
There passion's victim, in the careless throng,  
In deepening guilt, forgets her girlhood's wrong;  
And pallid shapes, unnoticed as they fade,  
With trembling lips implore the stranger's aid;  
And wearied age, unconscious of repose,  
And sickly childhood, born to want and woes,  
Joined by stern fate in one tumultuous sphere,  
In one dark vortex roll and disappear!



## RETROSPECTIONS OF A PLAY-GOER.

BY F. A. DURIVAGE.

THE glories of the stage have departed: the master-pieces of Shakspeare, Massinger, Johnson, Congreve, Goldsmith and Sheridan are known only by tradition to two-shilling audiences. The Goths and Vandals have usurped the theatre: in place of the keen encounters of wit, the flashing sparkles of sally and repartee, we have two-handed combats encircled with halos of red fire. In place of the finished actor and the accomplished scholar, we have,

"Vaulters who, rightly served, at home perchance,  
Had dangled from the rope, on which they dance."

What ideas—incongruous and unpleasant—does the very sight of a theatre-bill conjure up to haunt a refined imagination? Opening tombs vomiting forth half-naked figurantes—squalling bravura-singers—ranting mummers—incorrigible tumblers and performers on the *corde volante*—leering clowns with excellent memories for Joseph Miller—spurred equestrians—and Ethiopian melodists. But were it otherwise; were the stage restored to its primitive pride and purity, did the rising curtain reveal the story of the "royal Dane," the solitary habits of the melancholy Jacques, the wo of the impassioned Juliet, and the touching grief of Lear, for us at least the charm is gone—the spell dissolved. Our "glorification spectacles" are broken, and we know not the magical optician who can repair them. The realities of life have banished its illusions, and we vainly endeavor to revive the halcyon feelings of that spring-time, when, to our ardent imagination, the stage seemed the substance, and the world around us but its shadow.

We are not old, and do not intend to be for some years yet; still we can talk learnedly of Kean, Matthews, Cooper in his prime, and other heroes of the stage, for we saw them and appreciated them at an early age. Well do we remember our first glimpse at the green curtain—our first peep at the

glories of the stage. It was a rainy night in winter, during the January thaw, some twenty-three years since. A kind and revered friend popped us into a carriage, and bade the coachman drive to the "Federal-street Theatre!" Gods! what a vision of glory dawned upon the imagination of a boy of six years, at those words; yet not one half so glorious as its realization, when the glittering chandeliers, the gilded pannels, the gay crowds, the lovely women, the odor of flowers and lamp-oil and orange-peel, the harmony of flutes and fiddles, mixed with the moaning of a very unhappy bass-viol, took our senses captive and lapped them in Elysium. All that we had read of Eastern splendor in the Arabian Nights seemed here surpassed, and when the curtain rose upon the "Children in the Wood," that sweet familiar tale of boyhood, what a delicious enjoyment was our lot! Walter the Carpenter was played by Wallack, then in his prime—WALLACK, still charming and fascinating, as youthful now as then, but with maturer powers. How we execrated the wicked uncle, and wept over the children, and sympathized with the boy's "kill him again, Walter," and rejoiced to see the sword red with the ruffian's blood—we recked not then of red ochre and the property man! Talk of the rapture of the moment in which one discovers his lottery-ticket has drawn a prize of twenty thousand dollars—of the felicity of hearing a charming girl say "yes"—of the joys of the revel and the banquet—they fade into insignificance before the raptures I experienced.

From the date of our initiation our passion for the stage daily increased, and our juvenile mythology admitted only the heroes of the sock and buskin. We fear that the certainty of seeing a popular Federal-street actor in the singers' gallery, entered largely into the composition of that frame of mind which weekly impelled us to the sacred threshold of Trinity Church. Honest Tom!

thy dress of that period yet lingers in our memory—thy drab coat with multifarious capes—thy white kid gloves, and scarlet neckcloth. There are memories, too, of tandem teams and tilburies associated with thy name.

Well do we remember Edmund Kean; the half-kingly, half-fiendish Richard, whom you saw but to admire, though you trembled while applauding. Well do we remember the enthusiasm created by this great actor; the crowds that flocked to the theatre on the nights of his performance; the jostling and crushing at the entrance; the oaths and entreaties; the brutality of gentlemen and the rudeness of ladies. But the appearance of Kean upon the stage would have hushed the most turbulent audience. A blind man would have imagined that only the actor was present. But at a pause in his declamation, what an uproar of approbation; what pealing plaudits; what exclamations of wonder and delight from coral lips; what approving glances rained from beauteous eyes! In witnessing enthusiasm and triumph like this, one might well exclaim: "Who would not be an actor?" What triumph of the poet or politician is equal to this! What fame so tangible, so *enjoyable* as that earned by an actor? After a long interval, Kean came back to us—revisited the scenes of his former triumph. The same crowds besieged the box office from early morning till evening—the same truckman fought for tickets—there was the same rush to the boxes and the pit at night. But alas! the motive was now different. The actor had deeply wounded our national vanity, and was called upon to expiate his crime. He had "d—d the Yankees." Hence in the very same house which had rung with his praises, from whose painted gallery the gods and goddesses had murmured their chaste approbation, arose demoniac howls, and hisses and catcalls; hence those

"Youths that thunder in a playhouse,  
And fight for bitten apples,"

immortalized themselves by an excellent imitation of the sounds of Babel. Threats of personal violence were uttered, and Edmund Kean was banished "forth the realm."

The fury which he escaped was liberally lavished on the building. Benches were torn up, box-doors unhinged, lamps broken, windows smashed, and the whole scene ended in a row. We remember it well, for on that memorable occasion we made our escape, like Harlequin in a pantomime, by jumping through a second story window.

Of how many stars have we watched in the theatrical firmament the rise, the zenith, and the setting! How many actresses have claimed our heart's idolatry! One "made a rush" at us with black hair, tastily tied in a bow-knot, black velvet and black bugles; another danced into our affections in the garb of Columbine. A third, a spangled Cinderella, attacked us by the power of association. Had we not tested the truth of Byron's assertion,

"The heart, tho' broke, may brokenly live on,"

we might long ago have been laid to rest in the "tomb of the Capulets," or in Mt. Auburn, or some other rural cemetery, where there is "mighty snug lying" and "lots are sold in small quantities to suit purchasers."

The circumstances which made the power of the stage ladies so irresistible was our total innocence of the tricks of trade. We had never in the halcyon days to which we refer, been behind the mysterious curtain. We believed that a snowy skin, and the blushes of health, and youth and beauty, were the *sine qua non* qualifications of an actress, and, as our eyesight was rather bad, and we never used spectacles or an opera glass, we lived for many years in blissful ignorance, and pleasurable verdancy. The unseen regions of the theatre were full of promise to our imagination—grotooes of Calypso—bowers of the graces—realms of fairy—teeming with immaculate ladies, in fleshings and bronze slippers, with silver-gilt wings, and patent-leather zones. And the green-room! I had a stronger desire to visit that than the wife of the "three-tailed bashaw" with the azure beard, to explore the formidable blue chamber. I peopled it in fancy with brigands, and knights and kings, and distressed fathers, and daring lovers; with queens and ladies, nuns and grisettes, all talking in character. I did not know that Richard the Third was fond of beer—that

Hamlet smoked a pipe—that King Lear was a sot, and beat his daughters most unmercifully, and Juliet was suspiciously partial to whisky-toddy.

In these brief sentences, we have chronicled our verdant days—the “greenest spot in memory’s waste,” but we have not the courage to describe our awakening from our nine days’ delusion. In looking back we feel no humiliation, and little to regret—life is so full of cares, and they descend upon our brows so prematurely, that it would seem to be the wisest philosophy to sip from the cup of sinless pleasure while its bubbles glitter on the brim.

The recollections of our play-going days are full of brightness, of melody, and sunshine—Elysian fields of the past; and though some of those who ministered to the

enjoyment of our youthful days are “gathered to their fathers,” their memory though sad is pleasant withal. Lamented Finn! Little did we think at one time that sorrow and thy name could ever be associated—that thou, parent of smiles and laughter, could ever give birth to sighs and lamentations. Yet so it is. The actor’s glory—joy, gayety, are evanescent as the blossoms of the spring. Their reputation is like the breath upon a mirror, that evaporates in an instant and leaves the surface cold and polished as before. Poor Finn! Fate denied the mourners for thy loss the melancholy privilege of decking thy grave with roses and *immortelles*; the wave rolls over thee, and the sea-bird pours his wail above thy nameless resting-place.—*Vale!*

## OUR NATIVE WILD FLOWERS.

(WITH COLORED ENGRAVINGS.)

### NO. II.

LATHYRUS MYRTIFOLIUS, OR WOODLAND PEA.

EMBLEM.—EVANESCENT HOPES.

LOBELIA CLAYTONIANA, OR MOUNTAIN LOBELIA.

EMBLEM.—UNLOOKED-FOR CONSTANCY.

With morn’s early beam, through the flowery glade,  
As sportive as zephyrs around me, I stray’d;  
And, child of the desert, oh! fair Woodland Pea,  
I searched hill and valley, and forest, for thee!  
I knew ’twas thy breath that so perfumed the gale,  
And found thee at last in thy shadowy vale.  
Thy roseate leaves were just bursting their sheath—  
“To-morrow,” I said, “shalt thou bloom in my wreath.”  
I left thy young beauties to softly unfold,  
But sought thee at eve thy new charms to behold.  
Alas! like the *hopes* that in childhood we cherish,  
That spring in our bosoms—and spring but to perish,  
Fair flowret, that bloomed with the morning’s sweet light,  
I saw thee all hueless and with’ring ere night!  
I thought on thine emblem—turned from thee and sighed;  
When, lo! at my feet the Lobelia I spied.  
Its delicate buds bore the heavenly dye  
Of Constancy’s dwelling-place—yonder blue sky!  
I plucked them, and said, as they lay on my breast,  
“Though *hope* fade away, here shall constancy rest.”

EMMA F. ALLSTON.

## MRS. HOPKINS.

BY KENNETH ROOKWOOD.

MRS. HOPKINS was an ostentatious, an ambitious woman—partly by the gift of nature, and a good deal by the aid of art, pretty withal. She never undervalued either her beauty or importance: in phrenological phrase, her self-esteem was too full and active for that. Even when a girl in her teens, she knew the old adage well, "Strive for a silk gown; you may get a sleeve."—Very early in life she dreamed that she would make a figure in the world before she died; and, some years after her marriage, she determined not to belie the early dream—so, she aspired to be a leader of fashion. By a sudden revolution of the wheel of fortune, she had the money-power at command—that mystic, magic power, which turns people's brains zig-zag, and the world topsy-turvy.

There was an epoch in the history of Mrs. Hopkins, when whatever innovation she made in the custom current—no matter how absurd and ridiculous it might be—was followed to the very letter as the acme of perfection by her train of imitators. Even certain awkward gestures (which time and gentility could not refine), and some grammatical blunders, peculiarly hers, were believed to be new and graceful modes of manner and speech, not by any means a sign of low breeding and lack of education. Every clever saying she uttered was repeated till threadbare by the humbler lights, that revolved in her sphere; and a thousand happy phrases, of which her noddle was as innocent as a fool's, were retailed from ear to ear, as instances of her sparkling wit. It was a very common expression, "as Mrs. Hopkins says"—"as Mrs. Hopkins does"—and no matter how silly or preposterous the sayings or doings might be, if they had the stamp of her approbation, they passed current as coin among the circle of fashionables in which she shone—a blazing star. Mrs. Hopkins never contradicted her dear familiar friends in their laudable efforts to trumpet her praise, (she blew a tolerable blast herself,) but endured

all the credit they thrust upon her, if not with the patience of a martyr, at least with the avidity of an upstart.

Mrs. Hopkins, in her zenith, gave splendid parties each season, and *soirees* every Wednesday, all the year round—Saratoga weeks excepted. She was, besides, a lion-hunter of the first speed, and pursued distinguished strangers to death. She was intimate with all the doctors of the city, spiritual and physical—with all the poets and novelists—painters and composers—at least with all of them, who, whether by merit or by puffing, had attained a ten mile notoriety. So broad and wide was the fame of Mrs. Hopkins, that all the world—or to speak in language more precise—a little clique of would-be-if-they-knew-how people, (whom money, or accidental credit had swollen almost to the size of the frog in the fable,) aspired to win her favor, and receive invitations to her *soirees*.

The *élites* of fashion and folly passed by, as persons unworthy of notice, all who had not the honor of a card from Mrs. Hopkins. Nobody regarded those on whom the light of her countenance did not shine—or what is the same thing—she was told so, and believed it. Her smile created respectability; her favor conferred rank. If Mrs. Hopkins had not possessed a little talent, and a great deal of money, or the reputation of having it, she never would have reached the proud eminence of a leader of society. It requires some merit to talk good nonsense, or to be the first even among fools.

### II.

Who *was* Mrs. Hopkins? That is a very uncivil question, and ninety-nine in the hundred of our fashionables will swear it is rude, vastly—nay they will take their oaths it is impertinent. Must the truth be told, gentle reader? Your command is a fate. Then, Mrs. Hopkins *was*, twenty years ago, a modest, industrious sempstress: she earned four



shillings, New-York currency, a day, by making dresses for young ladies, or old ones, as the case might be. With nice taste for fitting, and much expedition in sewing, she was kept busy all the year round, Sundays and holidays excepted. Blessed with an eye that did not observe the failings of her employers, and a memory that forgot the scandal they retailed, while some blamed her dulness, as they phrased it, all praised her discretion. Her pretty face and good character won the heart of young Henry Hopper Hopkins, a clerk in the jobbing house of Spring, Blossom and Spring—in their day the most extensive in Pearl-street. In due time they were made man and wife according to the statute; and, respectably to indulge their mutual loves, they rented the upper part of a two story wooden house in Broome-street, which, in those ancient days, was so far above the stone bridge, that people thought it distant from town almost a summer day's journey. Cheap rent was a consideration then, for he had only a small salary; but she, good wife, to make both ends of the year dovetail nicely together, continued her maiden occupation. After a time, however, for reasons not necessary to explain, she gave up sewing, and devoted herself to duties more pleasing to a loving husband.

The longer Mr. Hopkins lived a married man the more his responsibilities multiplied, and very luckily, his salary increased too. At length he aspired to the important station of being a jobber himself. A favorable opportunity offered—that is, a worthy man, pleased with his industry and economy, lent him two thousand dollars—and he opened a store in Pearl, near Oak-street. Here he made money slowly, but surely; and in a very few years paid his benefactor principal and interest, with many thanks to boot. Time rolled on, and money poured in.—He was too fond of his wife to keep his prosperity a secret from her, and she was too ambitious to live longer in Broome-street. Her early dream came across her mind like a flash of lightning, and she resolved to commence a more respectable style of living; she played her cards so skilfully that she took every trick—or in plainer speech, she ruled the roast, and her husband dared not

call either his soul or purse his own. At her instigation, Mr. Hopkins rented a building in a more respectable region of Pearl-street; and, following the fashion of the time, Mrs. Hopkins moved her household into the second story, and the two stories above, while Mr. Hopkins jobbed dry goods in the store below.

Mr. Hopkins continued prosperous—he began to feel easy in circumstances, and his credit in the market was 'good.' The landlord, one quarter day when he called for rent, complained of want of money—"so much am I in need of it," he said, "that really I don't care if I sell the store."—In short, he added, "I shall sell it, I must sell it, and cheap too. You are my tenant, I make you the first offer." Mrs. Hopkins was consulted, the price named, the bargain closed, and the landlord received a thousand dollars down on the nail, to clinch it. In ten days Mr. Hopkins had the deed in his possession, and a record of the fact appeared at the City Hall. Mrs. Hopkins was now a lady of the soil. Old friends for whom she once sewed began to visit her—she felt uneasy in their presence—they reminded her of days she wished to forget. She did not find it a very difficult task to invent an excuse to drop the acquaintance, and bring around her people who knew her only as Mrs. Hopkins, wife to a jobber, owner of the house in which he trades and she lives. Snugly fixed in her new abode, nicely furnished too—and respectable visitors calling daily on her, Mrs. Hopkins said to herself exultingly—"This is the sleeve—I shall yet have the gown, and it shall be the best of silk too."

### III.

About the year one thousand eight hundred and thirty odd, Mr. Hopkins was really worth some sixty thousand dollars, wealth enough, in all conscience, for any modest citizen. Not so thought Mrs. Hopkins—for about that time she heard of people on every hand being worth hundreds of thousands, yea, millions made by speculation in lots and lands—any body might make half a million without the least possible risk, if he had only a little capital and courage. Every one was rich, or soon would be: doctors and divines, lawyers and laymen, merchants and

mechanics, novelists and newsmongers; yea, even printers and poets had deserted their honest profession and practice to make fortunes in a month by—speculation. It was, like the influenza, epidemic. Mrs. Hopkins caught the disease—she ruminated by day, and dreamed by night of fortune-making; while her husband, sensible man, was contented to job dry goods, as usual, and leave lots and lands to—speculators. Mrs. Hopkins tried various ways to infect him, but he was not impressible: he told her he did not understand the trade of speculation, for he was brought up a jobber. At last she lost all patience with “the dull and obstinate man,” as she called him; and at once assumed authority over his money and occupation, as she had long done over his person and household. She commanded him to sell his goods, rent his store, and become a dealer in lots and lands. Mr. Hopkins had no alternative: he must obey his wife. In a word, he left the jobbing business and turned a speculator.

In two years after this memorable day, Mr. Hopkins was worth at least five millions—on paper. He was a man of weight in Wall-street: director of six *Loan* and *Trust* companies, and withal, their largest customer. He owned three Rail Roads, five Real Estate Banks, and sixteen cities—in the West; besides stocks and lots, the very certificates and deeds of which would fill forty pockets, if each were as large as that of Governor Van Twiller's wife. There was no end to his wealth, it was *uncounted*!

Where was Mrs. Hopkins in these days of triumphant success? She had abandoned Pearl-street as beneath her dignity, and resided in a mansion built according to her own notions (which were not very moderate) of splendor and magnificence, and furnished in a style that outdied in luxurious taste, an Eastern palace. While it was building she visited England and France. She left her daughters at school in Paris, and her sons were travelling in Europe. Her dream of youth was more than realized. “Now,” said she to herself, “I have the sleeve—and gown too, of the rarest pattern, and the richest silk.”

## IV.

The day Mrs. Hopkins shone in the ze-

nith of her glory, was that never-to-be-forgotten one, when aided by the memory of her most intimate friends, and assisted by the Book of Heraldry, alias Longworth's Directory, she sent out some fifteen hundred invitations to the selectest in her circle for a party to be given exactly six weeks from that time. What a stir there was in the universe of fashion in anticipation of the great event! What a bustle among the beaux, and a throbbing of hearts among the belles! What a shopping, and cheapening, and hunting for credit in Broadway and Maiden-lane! All the mercers and milliners deserving of patronage, were crowded with business—full to the top: cooks and confectioners worthy to supply the elites, and waiters graceful enough to serve them, were up to the elbows in preparation; and all the musicians capable of playing to ears polite, were ordered to tune their instruments for that momentous occasion. Nothing was talked about, or dreamt of but *THE PARTY*—and all the newspapers of the day that relied on unscrupulous meanness, and heartless slander for circulation, crowded their columns with full accounts of the extravagant arrangements. As a new feature was adopted, or an old one abandoned, Extras were issued to enlighten the town with every unimportant particular. In the brightest dream of her ambition, Mrs. Hopkins had never aspired so high as to appear in print! Never imagined she could ever reach the mighty distinction of having her movements chronicled in a penny paper! A thousand would-be envied her greatness—she knew they did, and that was glory enough for any woman.

If she rode down Broadway a troop of dirty newsboys shouted at the top of their voices, “That's Mrs. Hopkins's carriage.” If she condescended to walk the pave, every spinster, with an appropriate nod, whispered to her neighbor, “There goes Mrs. Hopkins.” Her “how-do-ye-do” was in those days a thing to brag of. Many pouting belles, and scores of penniless beaux, who, accidentally of course, had not received an invitation to the party, left their cards at Mrs. Hopkins's mansion, to refresh her memory, and by that means indirectly beg an invitation. Vulgar citizens, who could not hope

for the honor of an invitation, longed anxiously for the great night to enjoy the exquisite privilege of standing upon the pavement before her door, to gaze on the lights within, and catch a glimpse of the elegant dresses of her distinguished guests, as they stepped from their carriages to the corridor.

The much-talked-of, and anxiously-looked-for night at length arrived. It was a new era in parties—a revolution in the universe of fashion. Such dazzling lights, such splendid decorations and brilliant ornaments were never before arranged with such exquisite skill and effect. The whole scene looked more like enchantment than of mortal wit and wealth. Then, such charming music, such accomplished waiters, with such delicious refreshments; and above all, such a delectable company—the very pick of the world—never congregated together as far back as the memory of fashion runneth. It was a something to tell our grandchildren—when they might comprehend it—the honor of having been a guest on that glorious night.

The hostess, the admired of all admirers, did the honors with a queenly dignity, lacking, perhaps, the courtly grace. She glided through the spacious but crowded rooms, conscious of the tremendous impression she had produced, and the awful envy she had aroused. She spared a nod to one, a smile to another, and a word to a third, as she steered through the multitudinous throng—looming as large as a first-rate. In Mrs. Hopkins's estimation, things were valued not so much by their fitness or propriety, as by their cost. No matter how unseemly or devoid of taste any thing might be, it must be beautiful exceedingly, if it cost a sum prodigious. When she had feasted her own eyes with the dazzling scene which the magic of her money had created, she resolved to find how it was received by her dear fifteen hundred friends, and how full the tide of admiration swelled in their palpitating hearts. It was not enough, in her estimation, to do the thing—she must know the impression it made on the world. To discover which she flattered each silly girl, and smiled on each senseless beau; she praised old days to the grannies, and prattled about lots to the speculators, to draw from them some soft and

vanity-feeding speech. Several stenographers were present, by express permission, to report for the penny papers every arrangement and action of that memorable squeeze. Mrs. Hopkins knew it was of no use for a hero to gain a glorious victory, or a lady to give a magnificent party, if there was not an historian to record in glowing words the mighty achievement—posterity would never be the wiser for either. Alas! the historian's page is unread that recorded the deeds of many a bloody day—alas, and alas! the penny papers are defunct that retailed the particulars of the costly party.

But fret not, gentle reader, we were present—we were a part of that party; saw all and heard much. The limits of our history will not permit us to record the full particulars, but we shall briefly relate a few of the most interesting items of conversation we overheard.

"Dear Mrs. Hopkins," said little Miss Short, with a profusion of flowers on her head, in hopes of gaining in altitude, "how I do admire your beautiful bouquets—really the rooms are a summer, and the air a very perfume."

"My dear," replied Mrs. Hopkins, "they ought to be fragrant—they cost enough. There are two hundred and ten bunches in the house, at five dollars each."

"Mrs. Hopkins!" reiterated Mr. Van Haydn, who affected to be a connoisseur in music, because his name was partly like that of a great composer, "what a delightful band you have to-night—the *artists* play exquisitely."

"They do indeed play passing well, for they have just arrived from Europe, and this is their first appearance in private. Besides, Mr. Van Haydn, there ought to be some music in their instruments—they count no less than thirty-five, and I pay them enormously."

"What a blaze of light these chandeliers throw over the whole scene!" exclaimed young Mr. Fish, whose father was a whaler—"my dear madam, they are magnificent."

"Very — 'pon honor, Mrs. Hopkins," drawled Mr. Glass, who stood near, and amused his leisure by spying the ladies' complexions.

"Truly, gentlemen, I am most happy they meet your approval; I imported them from Paris expressly for this occasion, at a cost of three thousand dollars; I selected them myself, when I was in France."

"Beautiful, really," added Mr. Glass, as he gazed at them through his quizzier.

Mrs. Hopkins smiled with increased self-conceit, and said, "Let me whisper a secret in your ears—I would not breathe it to any other gentleman alive, for the world,—several girls, whose complexions come and go—you understand me—say that my lights are so provokingly brilliant, they offend their eyes. The truth is—I suspect—they expose too plainly the secret of their red and white."

"Hah, ha! 'pon honor, good, very"—muttered Mr. Glass, an exquisite of the first water.

"I have heard, madam," replied the son of a whaler, in an ambiguous tone, "that you are very witty; believe me, I appreciate now how well you merit the reputation."

"Let me trespass a moment against all etiquette, my dear Mrs. Hopkins," said Mr. Brazer, "while I praise that superb dress you wear—it sparkles with gold and gems; not quite as brilliant, I confess, as your eyes, but dazzling nevertheless: it becomes you to admiration."

"O, sir! a compliment from one so capable of judging, I deeply prize. But the dress itself was not very costly,—a thousand dollars or so—it is my ornaments that are valuable—I paid for them enough to build a church."

"Dear me, madam, that must be a wondrous sum—for in these days churches are palaces, and decorated like—I had almost said—theatres."

"Very true; between you and me, Mr. Brazer, for it would not do to speak it to every body, I have often wondered, if amid all the outward show there is much inward piety."

"How are you pleased with my arrangements?" asked Mrs. Hopkins, addressing the pompous Mrs. Martine. "Tell me plainly—do now; for really I should like to have the opinion of one who, like you, has travelled all over Christendom, and heathendom too, I believe."

"On my veracity, Mrs. Hopkins, I did not

see the like of this—for brilliant splendor, and rich magnificence—in all my travels. When I was last in Naples, I attended, by special invitation, the ball given by the Duke of Umbecillo, in honor of the marriage of his eldest daughter to a prince of Sardinia, I forget his name—no matter—but I assure you, it would not compare to this no more than nothing."

This was the climax of Mrs. Hopkins's glory. She had beaten a duke and a prince at one expensive swoop—Mrs. Martine said it, and that was enough.

Thus Mrs. Hopkins went on during the whole evening, talking to one, whispering to another—perfectly self-satisfied—never forgetting to prove the splendor of her party, by declaring the cost in dollars. And, to speak the truth, she managed with much address, to vary the time with dance and refreshments, and all were delighted. But where was Mr. Hopkins? Not in the fairy scene, nor was he missed amid the mirth and music of the night—he heard not the laugh of innocent maidens in their teens, and saw not the curious glances of matrons, who "remembered such things were, and were most dear to them." He was merely a guest himself, snugly ensconced in a corner of one of the upper rooms, playing a rubber of whist with some old cronies. In the world of fashion he was quite unknown—nobody asked or cared for him in that magic circle—he had no time to spare for elegant leisure and expensive trifling. Mr. Hopkins revolved in a different sphere—he shone among the bubble-blowers a star of the first magnitude. The elites only knew him—for there were several of the same name in the city—by the honorable and manly soubriquet of "Mrs. Hopkins's husband."

The party is over, the lights are extinguished, and the flowers withered; the great night is passed, yea, even the fame of it, which lasted nine days, is forgotten.

v.

In his days of prosperity, Mr. Hopkins, with a curious fancy, was in the habit of asking almost every person he met—"How much does the world say I am worth?" When he had been fairly attacked by the fatal epidemic, it took possession of his



whole system, with a fierceness that bordered on delirium; he was a changed man.

Not long after the party-night, he met Mr. Smith on board of a North River steamboat, and eagerly asked him the everlasting question—"How much does the world say I am worth?"

"I have heard you estimated at a vast sum," replied Mr. Smith.

"How much?"

"A million, sir."

"A million only! I am worth five millions." Mr. Smith like a simpleton, as Mr. Hopkins thought him, replied—"Were I worth even half as much as that, I should realize at the best *cash* price of the day. Were I you, I should turn all my property into specie, and go to the country out of temptation's way."

"Ah! Mr. Smith, you are like many of my other friends—without faith; when I was worth a bare hundred thousand dollars—which you know is a mere nothing—they advised me just as you do; but, sir, I would not take their advice then, nor will I take yours now. Let me tell you, sir," added Mr. Hopkins, with a most sagacious look, at the same time tapping his forefinger on his brow—"you have not the head that I have—you cannot comprehend my great operations; in one year from this day, mark my words—I shall be worth ten millions."

To prove to the entire satisfaction of our readers the true value of Mr. Hopkins's property, we shall by way of an episode, relate a fact. A sensible, prudent friend of ours, (he was called insane in the bubble-days because he could not be tempted into speculation, and predicted an explosion,) put a mortgage into our hands as we were going a short distance into the country, with a request that we should look at some property it described, and ascertain if ten thousand dollars which he had lent on it was well secured. On examination, we, in the innocence of our ignorant heart, thought the money worth quite as much as the land. This was about the time Mr. Hopkins commenced speculation. In five years after, he was its lord paramount, and valued it at the moderate sum of a million and a half—and had mortgaged it for only seven hundred thousand dollars. No wonder he was rich!

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One year from the night of the party, the bubble had actually burst—the banks had suspended—the Josephs had failed—but Mr. Hopkins thought the gloom which spread over the city and the whole country would only be of momentary duration. The clouds would soon be dispelled, and the sun of prosperity blaze brightly again. He consoled himself for the time being, by swearing that all the trouble was caused by the government warring against the currency; and heartily cursed the President. To pay the interest on his vast amount of mortgages, and hold on for better times, all his property that had any real value was consumed. The stocks of southern institutions and western states had become worthless—day after day every thing he possessed that would bring a dollar in the market glided imperceptibly out of his fingers. True, he was left with houseless lots and unimproved lands—because nobody would buy them; and also with several cities—in the west—because it was whispered they were cities only—on paper. Some were cruel enough to hint that forests waved over them in primeval grandeur. They were valued once, at thousands a lot—but now, would scarcely bring the government price of ten shillings an acre.

Alas, the bubble-days are gone, and the moneyed aristocrats, who reigned with pomp and splendor while they shone, are gone too! They have sunk to the level of common plebeians, and nobody regards them now. With Mrs. Hopkins's wealth all interest in her fate has vanished. Who cares for the poor! A sad change has come over the spirit of *her dream*; the silk gown is worn out, and a shilling calico supplies its place. In the list of bankrupts, the name of Henry Hopper Hopkins has appeared; he and his ambitious *lady* have disappeared. Not one of all that gay company she feasted on the gala night cares to ask for her. Since Mr. Hopkins has got the benefit of the act, his very creditors have forgotten him: it would not benefit them to remember him now!

The last whisper of their whereabouts was, that they had squatted somewhere in the far west—he teaching school; and she, following the trade of her maiden-days. *Sic transit, etc.*

## AN OCTOBER RAMBLE.

BY ALFRED B. STREET.

A GLORIOUS afternoon ; the moving shades  
Have wheel'd their slow half circles, pointing  
now

Toward the sunshiny east ; a shadowy haze  
Trembles amidst the azure overhead,  
Deepening to purple at the horizon's skirts.  
Nature is smiling sweetly, and my feet  
Are wandering in the pleasant woods once  
more.

Keen nights have told of Winter on his way,  
And Autumn from the mourning trees has  
drawn

His gorgeous robe, with which he garb'd himself  
As vanishing Summer threw back fitful smiles,  
And cast it o'er the earth, ere steal along  
The tyrant's footsteps muffled deep in snow.  
What splendor lies around me ! seems it not  
As though the ground to rainbows tangible  
Had yielded birth, or with a magic art  
Had drawn the sunset colors from the sky  
And there had fixed them ? Yet a few bright  
shreds

Of Autumn's cloak still linger on the boughs.  
The elm shows scattered gems ; the lofty oak  
Is swath'd in crimson ; tapering to a point,  
The thick pyramidal spruce, and oval pine  
Holding its myriad summit-cups, display  
Their changeless green. The sunshine has a  
tint

Deeper than Summer's radiance, and it throws  
Its charm on all around. Along this path  
I tread light-hearted, glad to be alone  
Again with Nature : beautiful art thou  
Seen in thy works, mysterious principle !  
Man with his passions dims thy light, his voice  
Jars with thy sounds, his walls and towers but  
mar

Thy majesty and beauty. Solitude  
With its soft dreamy silence is the mate  
The fittest for thee, radiant smile of God !  
I gaze around ; trunks, boughs, and leaves and  
mould !

The robin on yon dogwood's branch I see  
Picking the crimson berries ; now and then  
The flicker drops his hammer on the bark,  
And the soft echo starts, as breaks on high  
The hoarse voice of the sluggish passing crow.  
My foot stirs up the oval battennut

From the dead leaves, its dark brown ting'd  
with gold.

And strew'd around this old oak's twisted roots  
Are acorn chalices with braided sides  
Left by the fays to fill their depths with dew  
For the next moonlight revel on the moss.  
That strange awakener at cold Winter's verge  
The low witch hazel, shows its yellow stars  
Curl'd thick along its boughs : yon tall slim  
plant

Dangles with blossoms like a Chinese tower  
Pendent with bells : and this blue flower un-  
named,

Has twisted tight its long fring'd cup to keep  
From the harsis frost the topaz set within.  
The air is richest perfume from the fern  
Sweetest when dying, like a virtuous life  
Diffusing its example at its close.

I pluck a branch—what delicate tracery  
Of veins minute ! and see upon its back  
The seeds in brown and regular array  
Secreted, as the partridge hides her young  
Beneath her wings. Yon aster, that displayed  
A brief while since its gorgeous bloom, has now  
Around the shells that multiply its life  
Woven soft downy plumes. How wonderful  
And perfect is thy care, oh ! Thou most high  
Creator, Father, God ! the flower and man  
Protected equally by Thee.

The woods  
Are left, and hills and glades and fields are  
round.

Yon piny knoll, thick covered with the brown  
Dead fringes, in the sunshine's bathing flood  
Looks like dark gold. From every tip of grass  
And plant, a web of gossamer is stretch'd  
Far as the eye can see, with varying hues  
Shooting and shifting quick along the threads.  
The sun now rests upon the western ridge  
That seems dissolving in a golden haze  
Where rests his blazing circle : as he sinks  
The haze melts off ; rich purple clothes the  
mount

The brief gray twilight brings the scattered  
stars

And soon upwheels the full broad hunter's  
moon

Shedding her affluent silver o'er the earth.

## JOURNAL OF A VOYAGE DOWN EAST,

WITH THE REFLECTIONS AND IMAGINATIONS SUGGESTED THEREBY.

BY SAMUEL SAMSON, CLERK.

May 15.—This morning I, Samuel Samson, chief clerk in the office of Samson & Co., hardware merchants, started from my rosy slumbers at four o'clock, and wended my way to Long-wharf, for the purpose of taking passage in the packet Juniper, bound for Eastport, in the state of Maine. The reasons of this remarkable action were not vividly apparent to myself, but the principal motive was a desire to see the world and traverse the Atlantic ocean. I had likewise been troubled with thick coming fancies of physical and mental dyspepsia, from too close an application to business, and was fearful that my heart was assimilating itself to the articles in the store, and becoming hardware likewise. This, said I, will never do. It is the first duty of an immortal soul to prevent itself from ossifying into a geological specimen. So here goes for a "mingling with the universe," and enjoying the grandeur, sublimity, etc. etc., of nature. My imagination being thus fired, communicated its flame to conscience and will, and set my whole inward being in a blaze. The determination was made—the passage was engaged—my throne at the store was vacated—I bade a short farewell to my loving subjects, the day-book and ledger—invested a considerable amount of money in lemons and cigars—and was determined to bear all dangers and difficulties with the courage native to the Samsons. This much in explanation.

We—that is the captain, myself, and the vessel—got under weigh at five o'clock. The morning was fair, and the wind light, but favorable. Its balminess crept into my heart, and gently fanned its nicest sensibilities. We had not proceeded far, before we ran into a lumber schooner, and brought down upon our heads a shower of damnation from its inmates. The skipper of it especially attracted my attention. The noise of the collision awakened him from

"nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," and he rushed upon deck with a scanty supply of clothes on his huge, bony, Titanic carcass, and a large amount of Mistress Tearsheet's vocabulary on his tongue. When he saw the danger of his bowsprit from its entanglement with our mainboom, he was nearly choked with passion, and flamed all pandemonium on us from his eye. As soon as his speech was restored him, he poured into our bark a broadside of sulphurous oaths and interjectional execrations, from certain reservoirs of blasphemy in his lungs. Never did I see or hear a man more desirous of sending his fellow-creatures to the unmentionable place than that skipper. He was so exceedingly desirous that we should go to the devil, so exasperated that our captain (naturally a disobliging person) would not comply with his request, and so liberal in the condemnation to penal fires of his own eyes, brains, blood and liver, that I was really fearful he would raise a storm of thunder and lightning over our heads. Just at the moment he was employed in belching forth a volcanic eruption of execrations, another vessel ran into his quarter. This incident somewhat distracted his attention, but he still blazed away. The corners of his lips were naturally endowed by nature with a tendency to seek the orifices of his ears, and he was thus enabled to swear with both sides of his mouth, and send a broadside of coarse and profane epithets into each vessel, at one and the same time. At last, like a ship inwardly on fire, he burnt out in oaths, and "all was clay again." Our loving embrace with his ugly craft was by that time severed, and we left him to practise his peculiar powers to other ears.

I shall never forget, while "memory holds a seat in this contracted globe," the blending of the ludicrous and the horrible in the appearance of this skipper, as he stood on the top of a high deck-load of boards, with one

hand employed in keeping up the connection between his clothes and his body, while the other was engaged in the furious labor of beating and waving time to his stygian vociferations; the air growing hot around his head, as the flame-tipped words came hissing from his lungs; and his lips foaming with passion, like turbulent surf on a bleak ledge of rocks. And he, too, not the commander of a man-of-war or a pirate bark,—and therefore endowed with the inalienable right to be profane and vituperative; but a mere master of a lumber-schooner, sailing from Lubec, Maine, for the humblest purposes of trade! The sight and hearing offended all my notions of the accredited distinctions of rank and the prescriptive marks of dignity and high command. For him to swear, was certainly an impertinent assumption of the privileges of his superiors.

The wind about seven o'clock came in from the chambers of the southeast, and blew with considerable energy. Not liking,—so strong is my sense of honor—to receive a blow even from a gale of wind, or a domestic calamity—I descended to the cabin, and began a conversation with an English cockney of the female gender, on grammar, pronunciation, and language in general. She said that she could not distinguish the sound of the letter *h*, though she had made attempts so to do for years, and had received the “very best of educations”—which last remark it did not appear to me that she substantiated by sufficiently weighty proofs. I asked her if she discerned no difference between eating irons and heating them. She answered in the negative. Soon after she began to sing, and I rushed upon the deck in agony to escape from the melody of

“Hail aill to thee hold Hingland, sweet hiale of the  
ocean!”

In the afternoon the pitching of the vessel sent me reeling to bed. Tried hard to keep up my spirits, and bully myself into courage, by spouting Byron's Address to the Ocean, published in the American First Class Book—but as the lower clerks in the store sometimes express themselves, it was “No go.” I had often delighted my imagination with the distant prospect of addressing this sublime metrical production to the ocean itself.

The frog-pond on Boston common, though it added much to the effect of its recitation, still left on the mind a sense of incompleteness, and gave no full idea of the vast and the vague. But human nature is born to disappointment! I had hardly informed the wild waste of waters before me, that it had perfect liberty to roll on—

“Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll!”

when my inner man began to show a disposition to roll on its own account, and I plunged into the cabin and sought my berth.

The most important incident that occurred to me during the rest of the day, was a question of the English lady, whether I was any relation to Samson the giant-killer? Having denied the soft impeachment of relationship with that eminently strong-limbed individual, I fell asleep.

May 26. An incident, or rather accident, occurred to me this morning, which has revealed to my vision new depths and operations of our mysterious nature, and is deserving of commemoration for the benefit of science and medicine. After eating my breakfast, I felt a swimming sensation in my head, and went on deck for relief. The first object which struck my attention, was the wide, rolling, black, measureless ocean, which appeared to be engaged in desperate attempts at kissing the clouds—an amorous feat which I was glad to observe there did not appear a likelihood of its effecting. It still, however, with blind pertinacity, continued its efforts, and kicked and tossed about our bark in a shameless, ill-natured, and ungenerous manner. Feeling a disposition to go to the side of the vessel, in order better to observe “the wild waves play,” the wonderful accident to which I have referred took place. As I gazed pensively on the hissing and foaming waters \* \* \* but those who have been to sea will not require that I should be minute in this place.

The captain coming on deck, I repeated to him the whole affair, which seemed to fill him with surprise. He professed never to have heard the like; hinted the propriety of writing an account of it for the college of physicians; and in the end darkly intimated his belief that the devil was in me. To the last libel I gave an immediate and indignant



contradiction; and told him that the devil was more likely to have inhabited the food, which my Christian stomach had driven into the sea, in a manner similar to that mentioned in a book to which I feared he had given but little attention. In this connection I was weak enough to give utterance to some emphatic expressions which I had learned the morning before of the blasphemous skipper. The crew had by this time formed a circle around my person, and indulged in many disinterested and supererogatory phrases of sympathy. They deplored that nothing like my case had ever come within their experience—though there was an odd malicious twinkle in the remotest corners of their eyes as they gave in their evidence, which I did not admire and could not explain. At last the captain mentioned that as I had some portion of my breakfast which was still faithful to its engagements, it would be better to retain its loyalty by exterior means; and he went on to darkly hint something about molasses and pork. This was too much—and I again rushed to the side of the vessel, to—contemplate the “billowy play.” At this movement, a great laugh was raised among all present, although the particular wit or brilliancy of the thing was not perceptible to me. Many remarks were now made about the depth of my vernality and rawness, which, as they did not at the time much flatter my vanity, self-esteem induces me now to suppress.

Finding but little in the appearance of matters above to gratify my peculiar tastes, I plunged into the cabin, and sought with staggering steps my little cavernous crib. As I lay extended in my narrow berth, my thoughts were busy in assigning a cause for my situation. But my ideas seemed sick or intoxicated. They reeled about my head in bewildering confusion. It seemed, at times, as if every cell of my brain was a berth, in which an idea lay rolling and turning over uneasily, in imitation of its possessor. And then the whole would tumble out, when I called them forth for action, and instead of marshalling themselves into orderly array under their reasoning leader, the better to attack and expose the mystery with which I was darkly grappling, they staggered into a rude and whirling heap of unorganized and

undisciplined mental militia, good for nothing but to plague their owner. The results, however, to which I arrived, by the aid of this miserable, ragged, drunken regiment of thoughts, was something like this. The sea, I sagely argued, was angry with me for observing its amiable weakness in dallying with the clouds, which reigned over it, and particularly for hearing the huge lubberly sighs it gave at the ill-success of its suit; and enticed away my victuals out of pure revenge. A human lover would have struck a stiletto into my ribs, or made my brain the bank of deposit for several ounces of cold lead—which is the duellist's specie currency,—but the sea pitched upon a more refined and ingenious method of tormenting.

Spent the most of this day in swearing and sipping water-gruel.

*May 17.*—Oh, hideous sea-sickness! Where is the man so base as to dare make the concentrated essence of earthly ills, a matter for levity and ridicule! Ah! it prostrates soul and body, and leaves just enough life in the frame to wish for death. My body is now my “soul's sepulchre.” Existence has ceased to be a blessing, annihilation an evil. Last night was as dark as a miser's mind, and the vessel rolled heavily about, with the fog encasing her like a winding sheet. We were all in danger, from our nearness to some infernal rocks, and the impossibility of exactly judging of their location. To me, however, fear was transmuted into hope. I heard the roar of the surf on the breakers with a grim delight. Nothing, I knew, could be worse than the misery which I was then enduring. If by lifting my finger, or screaming with my voice, I could have saved myself from destruction, I should not have moved a muscle. Poets may rave and lie about the grandeur, sublimity and beauty of the sea, but it is all gammon. To have but little life, and that just sufficient to make you conscious of existence as an insufferable and hateful burden; to have the mind unstrung and every mental energy relaxed and rendered powerless; to be subjected to the sickening witticisms of brainless and heartless jesters; to see all kinds of horrible phantoms dancing mazily before your half shut eyes, and grinning and mocking at your awful condition;

to be, in short, incarnate Misery and Despair, and your best state a waking nightmare,—this, this is sea-sickness!

And then what a deceiver the sea is! It received our bark on its bosom with the most smiling and lover-like expression in the world, and appeared so humble, obliging and obedient, that I never dreamed it would so soon assume the tyrant and the bully; that it would presume to kiss our bowsprit, and fling the foam-slaver of its lips over our deck; as if it did not know what modesty meant, and had no respect for the maidenly feelings of our little vessel. There came a constant moan from the creaking masts and shrouds of the latter, expressive of her dislike at its impudent familiarities, and she seemed to hide her pure white sails in the mist, to save the expense and difficulty of blushing. Now and then she gave her sea-Tarquin a buffet in the cheeks, and made him roll backwards in a shattered condition, when his impudence overstepped the boundaries of patience.

Such was the state of affairs when I crawled upon the deck this morning. One desperate stagger brought me to the captain, and I told him that in my opinion sea-sickness was no more a fit subject for ridicule than a broken leg. He made a tour of my person with one contemptuous glance of his eye, and then ejaculated "you are a poor motherless colt." Our captain might be considered a polite person among the Hottentots, but he is decidedly too blunt and insulting for civilized society, or even the first colored circles. I feel that I shall do something dreadful—"I pray it mayn't be human gore!"

Spent the whole day in watching the birth of an idea in the head of a fellow-passenger in the opposite crib to mine.

May 18.—There is one passenger who eats every meal regularly, and then immediately visits the side of the vessel, and spends thirty minutes in the contemplation of the ocean. He justifies his folly by saying that he has paid for his victuals, and that he is determined to go through the forms of eating at least. Fog continues—head winds, and no prospect of Eastport for a day or two. Wo's me!—Forty-eight hours of measureless misery have already passed

over my head.—"How like death-worms the wingless moments crawl."—Oh! for the power of annihilating space and time!

May 19.—Devoted myself the whole of this day to thinking the following thought: The earth is a body, and like that belonging to every member of the human family, it is filled internally with fire, and is subject to collision with other bodies. Now if it be blown to pieces by internal explosions or be shattered by an external collision, the several parts will still revolve round the sun. If so, it may not be unlikely, that one or two of all the men who inhabit the earth, will be sent by the violence of the first shock out of the reach of the attraction of the larger pieces of the earth, and revolve round the sun on their own account. The contemplation in my mind's eye, of a large, fat, puffy member of the human species, going forward in an eternal somerset—for he would turn on his own axis; at the rate of many thousand miles a minute through infinite space, and participating in all the advantages and emoluments of a planet; the contemplation of this curious and by no means impossible imagination, pleased me so well, that it relieved the sickness from whose inspiration it proceeded.

May 20.—Watched the captain as he eat with great haste and apparent zest two pounds of salt-beef. Calculated all the while, with considerable arithmetical skill, the chances of his being choked.

May 21.—Arrived at Eastport. Sea-sickness passed away. The captain in leaving me, said that I had grown much during the voyage; and wondered that my mother had not brought me up on gin, as that was the way young puppies were stunted. If I blessed him and his vessel heartily, I hope I shall be forgiven.

Eastport is a pleasant little town, and the inhabitants are virtuous in their conduct, happy in their condition, and drawing in their speech.

May 22.—Passed over the Bay of Fundy to-day in a steamboat. Waves high, but no sickness. Swore three times during the passage, and lent three cents to a fellow-tourist.

May 23.—Arrived at St. John. Taken sick. Doctor called. My biliary system

out of order. Danger of fever. Put into bed, and calomel put into me.

*May 24.*—Sick. Saw two azure Satans gibing at me this morning, as they danced on my stomach. Imagination "fevers" into false creation.

*May 29.*—Recovering. Hungry. The physician says I can't eat. He lies; I can eat, but he won't let me.

*May 30.*—Beef-tea. Load somewhat taken off my heart by putting something weighty into my stomach.

*May 31.*—Began a snug business in the eating line, with the small capital of gastric juice, which sea-sickness and calomel have left me.

Strolled about the city. St. John is a very dirty and irregularly constructed city, built at the mouth of a large river, on a piece of stony ground. It is cold, foggy, and dull. The people are strongly English in their feelings. Could not convince a man whom I met accidentally, that the Declaration of Independence was full of self-evident truths, and that the English are slaves. Such thickness of the skull speaks volumes for the condition of brains in this portion of America. Told one man, who was a tory, that the interior of his head would give a Transcendentalist a pretty correct idea of infinite space. He said he could not agree with me.

*June 1.*—Left St. John for Eastport. Wind blew a hurricane in crossing the bay. The waves very high. "A devil of a sea rolls in that bay"—of Fundy. One lady nearly died of sea-sickness. Staid on deck and became

drenched with rain, rather than retire below and follow her example.

*June 2.*—Took passage in the packet for Boston. Became a little giddy as soon as we had well got upon the Atlantic. Sucked lemons; went to bed; attacked with a raging tooth-ache, which ran through me like tingling fire. It began in one of my side teeth, and then formed a railroad to all the rest, with occasional journeying to my eyes and the ends of my fingers.

*June 2.*—Better. Came on deck in the evening. The sea was smooth, and the wind light and pleasant. Saw faint flashes of lightning in the west. Remarked to a man in a shaggy black coat, that it seemed the far-off glitter of an archangel's sword. He replied that I was mistaken; it was heat lightning, and was three thousand miles distant. Thanked him for the last piece of information, but told him that I did not wear green spectacles on the water.

Shakespeare has some good ideas. When Falstaff says that if he be caught in a certain foolish scrape again, "he will take out his brains, butter them, and give them to a dog," he exactly expresses the determination made by me respecting the probability of my ever taking another oceanic trip. I had fooled myself into the idea of taking a voyage for pleasure, and I had reaped nothing but discomfort, sickness, and pain. Experience is not lost upon a head like mine.

*June 3.*—Arrived at Boston, and returned once more to virtue, peace, and hardware.

## MY AUTOGRAPH.

GIVE you—what, seriously—my autograph?  
 Why, at the bare suggestion, I must laugh;  
 Yet laughing, spite myself, I blush for shame,  
 To feel you scarce could read my scribbled name.  
 Yet Byron, great in genius, scrawled no better,  
 And mighty Pope could hardly form a letter;  
 And, bowing at their shrine, I imitate—  
 All I can reach—the foibles of the great.

A.

## THE TRAVELLING PREACHER—HIS VICTIM—HIS FATE.

BY G. G. FOSTER.

### CHAPTER I.

NIGHT on the mountains! What a scene! Through the intense darkness, which has fallen like a pall of silence upon the forest, hiding the gems of moonlight dropped upon the dewy leaves, steals the glance of the approaching storm. What a mystery art thou, oh lightning! that leapest from the soft bosom of the cloud, as if too long delaying to execute thy fearful mission upon the tortured elements. To me art thou not terrible; but, with a strange and thrilling consciousness of beauty and sublimity, which pierces my soul with a fierce delight, I bare my brow to the breeze, and await thy coming. Thy footsteps flash along the sky—I hear thy dropping garments rustling among the scared leaves. And now, afar off, growls the fierce tornado, as he tears up the ground with impatient haste, and hurls the giants of the forest in the air, if they dare to stand up and dispute his way. He approaches nearer—and we can hear the sighing and groaning trees, as they are torn up by the roots, and sent madly whirling through the air, crashing fearfully together, and prolonging the thunder which peals hurtling along the sky.

Soon may this little spot whereon we stand, huddled tremblingly together beneath the shelter of our staggering coach, be swallowed up like an atom in the breath of the gale. The noble horses rear and plunge, as if they were conscious of the danger, and struggling to flee away into the yet undisturbed silence of the forest that stretches away to the north. We cannot fly—for we know not in which direction we may best avoid the danger. The path of the mighty hurricane can be told only *after* it has swept by—and our only hope is to remain awe-stricken where we are, and pray to God to avert destruction from us. On it comes—roaring and raging like a troop of angry fiends, to whom power over the earth and air has for a time been given. It passes—and we are safe! A few steps further, and

we had been swallowed up.—Let us thank God for our deliverance.

A few hours ago, on a bright and golden evening in October, we set out from the lovely and romantic village of Huntsville, in Northern Alabama, to pursue our journey over the mountains to Tuscaloosa. In the stage in which we travelled were four persons. My friend and myself occupied the front seat, while the middle one was lumbered with bandboxes and baskets, securely fastened by cords to the movable back-strap, and interposing a partial screen between us and the occupants of the back seat—a gentleman and lady, who, whatever were their relationship, were evidently travelling as *compagnons du voyage*. The lady was of a fair and gentle aspect, presenting those unerring indications of a slender mind and powerful feelings (passions I suppose they must not be called) which serve to distinguish—or rather to merge in an indistinguishable mass—nine-tenths of the women of the present day. She was fashionably and elaborately dressed—too much so, in fact, to leave it doubtful that personal vanity was the reigning and all-absorbing occupant of her thought. And yet, she was evidently what is called well-bred—had a modest and becoming look, and seemed indeed very gentle and confiding. She had certainly been a mother—for her motions possessed that freedom and ease which the maiden never learns until the mysteries of her nature are all developed. A shade of anxiety seemed at intervals to cross her sunny face, and the smile with which she replied to the attentions of her companion betrayed sometimes apathy, sometimes a sort of mysterious excitement, and at others a startled and painful curiosity. In spite of the beauty of the forest scenery through which we were travelling, and of my own thoughts, which were of an engrossing and absorbing nature, I involuntarily found myself interested in my female companion, as I occasionally caught a glimpse of her face between the barrier



which separated us. My friend, whose enthusiasm in travelling was principally confined to such matters of fact as clean beds, fast horses, and good dinners on the road, was enjoying a comfortable nap by my side, and I had full leisure to make observations.

The lady's travelling companion was a man whose face and head immediately arrested attention. He had evidently studied intensely, and his eye gleamed with that mysterious intelligence which the discipline of thought invariably imparts. His forehead was broad and high, and the pale shadow which knowledge imparts to the landscape of the features, rested visibly upon him. The natural language of his animal propensities, (called by dabblers in character-reading, *physiognomy*,) was very striking, and by no means agreeable. It was evident that he was an actor, and had learned to school his features in obedience to his will—rendering them impervious to the superficial, but clothing them in that indescribable drapery of deceit which is so easily penetrated by the adept. Notwithstanding the calmness and even dignity of his demeanor, I could not help being startled at the flashing of licentiousness which occasionally darted across his face and settled for an instant about his handsome and seductive mouth. From a few words of his conversation which I caught at intervals, I conjectured, (with how much accuracy the sequel will show,) that this man was one of those travelling preachers who have in late years made themselves so conspicuous in this country—going about, like winged messengers from place to place—throwing peaceful communities into terror and consternation—seducing weak-minded and credulous women into worshipping them as saints on earth, and hurling the brands of discord and dissension into the midst of domestic life, under pretence of rescuing precious souls from hell. I looked again, and accidentally caught his eye—I was right—I could not be mistaken. He faltered for a moment in what he was saying, and then, writhing his features into an expression of stolid and devout sanctity, crossed his hands upon his breast and relapsed into silence.

Who, then, was the companion of this mysterious man, and what was the nature

of their intercourse? From the restlessness of her eye and the nervous eagerness of her manner, I was convinced that they were not *old* acquaintances; it is only where the waters of different fountains *first* join that they foam and sparkle—afterwards they run calmly on together—deep, it may be, but never vivacious. After various conjectures, I came to the conclusion that the lady was returning to her friends, alone, (as is frequently the case in the southwest, where women are always respected by strangers,) and had probably been placed, somewhere on the road, in charge of her companion, by the captain of some steamboat to whom she had been originally intrusted, and who, at the end of his route, thought that nothing could be more proper than to commit his charge to a gentleman of so devout and sanctified a demeanor. Thus was the mystery solved at once; for, had I been totally unacquainted with the character of these itinerant apostles, I could have been at no loss to read the volume written in the face of him who had now drawn my attention.

As the golden sun smiled through the green lattices of the forest his farewell to earth, and the gray curtain of the night drew its ample folds around us, I knew—although I could not distinguish objects in the gathering darkness—that the strange man pressed gradually and almost imperceptibly nearer to his companion, while she, frightened at she knew not what, yet had not strength or resolution to remove from the charmed spell which hung around her. At this moment the moon broke suddenly out from behind the trees, and I caught the reflection, merely, of a hurried embrace, and the echo, as it were, of a smothered sigh. I saw it all. The woman was marked by her wily companion for his victim. I shuddered at the baseness of the monster who could thus, under the garb of his sacred calling, abuse the innocence and helplessness of a weak woman; and I involuntarily sighed and closed my eyes, endeavoring to think of some means of saving the poor creature whom my fancy had invested with the attributes of a fond wife; perhaps a still fonder mother; about to sacrifice her temporal and eternal peace to a monster. But what could I do? What right had I to interfere? Indeed, how

did I know that my conjectures were not all wrong, and my fears but the creatures of my own distempered fancy? The gentleman and lady might, after all, be man and wife, and might very properly unite in punishing and despising my prying curiosity, were it known; and besides, what, in any event, was it to me? Thus I reasoned; and at length wisely concluding to mind my own business, I was endeavoring to coax myself into a doze—the only panacea for stage travelling—when the approach of the tornado, just as we had reached the highest point in the spur of the mountain over which we were passing, brought us all to a state of eager and vivid consciousness.

Those who have never witnessed a southwestern tornado, can scarcely form an idea of the sudden and terrific velocity with which it sweeps roaring through the air, tearing up and whirling aloft like feathers every thing in its path. The track of the whirlwind is seldom more than thirty or forty rods in width; but its course is so tortuous that no calculation can be made as to its direction; and, if you encounter one in the forest, it is as safe to stand still, as to attempt to flee from it. When it strikes the woodland it cuts a clean, straight path, of equal width for miles, levelling every thing in its way, from the smallest plant to the lofty and everlasting oak, and hurling the limbs and trunks of the giants of the forest through the air as if they were the playthings of a child. I had been a frequent traveller over these same mountains, and had several times been a near spectator of these dreadful tornadoes.

I was therefore not so much alarmed at the phenomenon as my companions, and prepared myself to abide the result, with as much firmness of nerve as I could muster. Our horses, scared by the ghastly and incessant lightning, refused to proceed along the steep and dangerous road, and began rearing and prancing in such a manner as rendered it unsafe to remain in the coach. The driver had dismounted, and was holding the leaders by the head, while my friend and myself were posted by the side of the wheel-horses, alternately soothing and restraining them, and endeavoring to prop up the coach as it reeled from side to side, with every plunge of the frightened steeds.

The storm passed on as swiftly as it came; and, as I turned my head for a moment away from the trembling animal whose nostrils I had firmly grasped, and who was now gradually becoming more calm, the moon broke suddenly through the gloom, and I caught a glimpse of my mysterious companions. The lady had fainted in the stranger's arms, while he, with his face bent closely to hers, was endeavoring, with the most passionate gestures, to recall her to life. His efforts were not unsuccessful. Suddenly her powers seemed to be restored to her; and, releasing herself with a wild and startling energy from the stranger's arms, she sprang into the coach as if in terror, and shrank away into the darkest corner, while the stranger quietly resumed his seat by her side,—my friend and myself took up our old positions, and we again dashed onward through the moonlit forest. [To be continued.]

## THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.

WHATE'ER your forte, to that your zeal confine,  
Let all your efforts there concentrated shine;  
As shallow streams collected form a tide,  
So talents thrive to one grand point applied.  
A jealous mistress is the Muse of Art,  
And scorns to share the homage of your heart;  
Demands continual tribute to her charms  
And takes no truant suitor to her arms.

M. S.

## METROPOLITAN NOTES AND NOTICES.

BY HENRY STANHOPE LEE.

(WITH AN ETCHING ON STEEL.)

*Monday.* Walked Broadway from ten o'clock in the morning till two in the afternoon, but did not meet her. What can be the matter? The day was fine, and the whole female population of the city, in their bright winter dresses, seemed to be out shopping. But she—the inexpressive *she*—did not make the sunshine more sunny by her appearance. I wish I could find out who she is—where she lives—what gentle parents have the felicity to call her their child—whether she is single, or—No, no! She cannot be married! I will stake my existence upon that. But is she, then, engaged? Is there no dapper young man with long hair and a suspicion of moustaches, and his hands thrust in the pockets of his Mackintosh, from one of which his cane protrudes at an angle sufficiently acute to endanger the eyes of pedestrians in his rear—is there no such interesting youth, who has the privilege of calling her “my dear,” and of kissing her dainty cheek? Pshaw! Improbable! Impossible! Why should she be always unaccompanied by a gentleman, if such were the fact? Perhaps the lover is absent from the country. Nonsense! What a ridiculous conjecture! I am positive, she is heart-whole and heart-free. She is an arrant hypocrite if she is not—her smile is so child-like, so artless, and so free!

*Half-past three.* The omnibuses have gone up Broadway filled with hungry citizens. It is the dining-hour at the fashionable hotels. I have passed Cozzens's and the Astor House at least a dozen times, and heard the gong sound, which summons the guests to their repast. Met some acquaintances, who asked me to dine. Declined. Why should I accept such civilities when I cannot return them? At my *café* in Fulton-street I can procure a wholesome dinner and a pitcher-full of pure Croton ale for a sixpence. The tables are not crowded at this hour, and, in consideration of my predilections in favor of cleanliness, a fresh cloth is

always provided for me. My walk should have given me an appetite—but my head is so full of that beautiful incognita—Heigho!

*Six o'clock.* Let philosophers say what they will, money is a very convenient thing in this world, especially in a large family. As Hazlitt remarks: “To be in want of it, is to pass through life with little credit or pleasure; it is to live out of the world, or to be despised if you come into it; it is not to have your opinion consulted, or else rejected with contempt, to have your acquirements carped at and doubted, your good things disparaged, and at last to lose the wit and the spirit to say them; it is to be scrutinized by strangers, and neglected by friends; it is to be a thrall to circumstances, an exile in one's own country; to forego leisure, freedom, ease of body and mind, to be dependent on the good-will and caprice of others, or earn a precarious and irksome livelihood by some laborious employment; it is to be compelled to stand behind a counter, or to sit at a desk in some public office, or to marry your landlady, or not the person you wish; or to be a law-stationer, or a scrivener or scavenger, or newspaper reporter; or to read law, and sit in court without a brief; or to go upon the stage, or try some of the fine arts; with all your pains, anxiety, and hopes, most probably to fail, or, if you succeed, after the exertions of years, and undergoing constant distress of mind and fortune, to be assailed on every side with envy, backbiting, and falsehood, or to be a favorite with the public for a while, and then thrown into the back-ground, or a jail, by the fickleness of taste, and some new favorite; to be full of enthusiasm and extravagance in youth, of chagrin and disappointment in after-life; to be jostled by the rabble because you do not ride in your coach, or avoided by those who know your worth, and shrink from it as a claim on their respect or their purse; to be a burden to your relations, or unable to do any thing for

them; to be ashamed to venture into crowds; to have cold comfort at home; to lose by degrees your confidence in any talent you might possess; to grow crabbed, morose, and querulous, dissatisfied with every one, but most so with yourself; and, plagued out of your life, to look about for a place to die in, and quit the world without any body's asking for your will."

Poor Hazlitt! He spoke from bitter experience. But I am disposed to agree with Juvenal, that the bitterest thing in poverty is, that it makes a man ridiculous. Take my case as an example. I am reminded by the dainty note of invitation upon my table, that this is the evening of Mrs. Rupert's ball. There is a chance, that I may meet there a lady, for an introduction to whom I would give my little finger. I am the owner of a single well-preserved holiday suit, in which when attired, I flatter myself that I look as much like a gentleman as clothes can help one to look. Tenderly and gingerly I commence drawing my pantaloons over my well-brushed French boots. One leg is safely encased. Emboldened by success, I make too hazardous a thrust with the other. The consequences are fatal to the integrity of my "tights." They are torn from the calf to the ankle. In silent wretchedness, I gaze at the direful rip for at least ten minutes. At length a vague hope, that with needle and thread I may conceal the inopportune fissure, so that for "that night only" it may pass unnoticed, crosses my mind. Alas! Why was I not bred a tailor? My attempts at sewing are deplorable failures. The hole is irremediable. I must abandon all ideas of going to the ball. Now, if Mrs. Rupert or any one else were told that I was prevented by such a paltry, despicable accident from figuring in the gay assembly, would she not laugh at it as a capital joke? Ah! Juvenal is right.

"Nil habet paupertas durius in se,  
Quam quod ridiculos homines facit."

"Why could he not borrow a pair of breeches from a friend?" some one might ask. That is dangerous, as the following story from Joe Miller will show: A certain individual, wishing to attend a meeting of a club, found that he had no breeches fit to

appear in. In his dilemma, he borrowed a pair from a friend; but, much to his mortification, as he was about sitting down in them at the club, his friend cried out, in the hearing of all assembled: "Jack, don't sit down on that dirty bench in my breeches." Another friend, who consoled with him on this occasion at this unfeeling exposure, offered to supply him at the next meeting of the club, with that very essential article of apparel he stood in need of; and Jack gratefully accepted the offer. But, to his dismay, at the next meeting, his new friend came up to him, and slapping him on the back, exclaimed in the hearing of the whole club: "Jack, my dear boy, you may sit down where you please, in my breeches."

This catastrophe of the pantaloons has made me meditative. How many a poor devil, in consequence of a similar and equally insignificant accident, may have missed hitting the path, which would have led to fortune! Nay, the destiny of empires has been changed by events quite as trivial in appearance.

*Midnight.* An evening paper states, that the Miller infatuation is fast spreading in the more benighted parts of the country; and that in some of the counties in New Hampshire, whole communities seem to have been infected with the delusion. This man Miller predicts, that the globe which we inhabit will be destroyed in April, 1843. Alas! on how frail a foundation is based poor human reason. "I am convinced," says Casanova, "how easily the mind may be overturned: our reason is like gunpowder, easily inflamed, and but requiring a spark for its explosion." Since the Matthias delusion (the most disgusting in the annals of human folly) and the Mormon humbug, I have not been surprised at any manifestation of human fanaticism. How are such things to be explained? The melancholy fact is, that not one man in five hundred is an original, independent thinker. Like sheep, we must have our bell-wethers to follow over fences and through fields, into whatever quagmire they may see fit, in their sapience, to lead us. Either through inertness or timidity we shrink from the labor and responsibility of drawing up from the inexhaustible wells of thought and reflection within our spirits



opinions of our own. It is so much easier to adopt those of other people—frail and fallible dogmatists, it may be, whose judgments are the offsprings of selfishness, prejudice and delusion! How else can the success of charlatanism be explained, but upon this principle? But I am getting dazy and prosy; and the flame of my candle is within a quarter of an inch of the socket. I will to bed.

*Tuesday.* Heard a lecture at the tabernacle from John Neal on the "rights of women." With much that was *ultra* and extravagant, there were many judicious and pointed suggestions. The idea that the small sinecure posts under government, now held by men, should be given to women, is not a bad one. But I would not admit them to the arena of politics, nor have their fair fingers soiled with the dirt of political intrigue.

We boast in this country, that our women are better treated than in any other land. And yet how many offices, to which they are now subjected, are properly incumbent upon men! We express our surprise when we hear that the women in England are frequently employed out of doors in raking hay and sowing seeds; but are not employments like these better adapted to the feminine constitution than such occupations as washing up floors and scouring pots and kettles? How often have we seen, in entering one of our large hotels, a pale, delicate-looking girl on her knees washing the tessellated marble floor; while the severest labor, to which the stalwart male servants, who passed and repassed her, were subjected, was the dusting of a gentleman's coat, or the purchasing for him of a dozen cigars!

The places filled by young men in our establishments for the retailing of dry goods, would be much more suitably filled by females. Surely a reform of popular opinion upon these subjects is much needed.

By the way, what a rage for lectures has sprung up in our country within a few years! As to the advantages to be derived from them I have my doubts. Perhaps this is because I have rarely attended one without falling asleep. More than fifty years ago, old Sam Johnson said, talking of education: "People have now-a-days got a strange

opinion, that every thing should be taught by lectures. Now, I cannot see that lectures can do so much good as reading the books, from which the lectures are taken."

*Wednesday.* Caught a glimpse of her this morning as she stepped into a carriage from a house in Eighth-street. Beautiful as ever. Had an idea of calling, and inquiring who she was, but abandoned it on seeing a couple of roguish female faces at a window, eyeing my bewilderment with evident signs of mirth. She is a *lady*—of that there can be no doubt.

"As for descent and birth in her,  
You see, before you seek,  
The house of York and Lancaster  
United in her cheek."

*Ten o'clock.* Was amused this evening at reading in an English paper, called "The Liverpool Mail," a most abusive article upon the late Dr. Channing. The celebration at the Church of the Messiah, in this city, at which an eulogy was delivered by the Rev. Mr. Bellows, is ridiculed in a manner, which may be imagined from the circumstance, that the writer draws his principal topic for sarcasm from a play upon the *name* of the orator. After expending his critical powers in an unmeasured abuse of the eulogy, the sagacious critic takes hold of a certain hymn, sung upon the occasion, and is execrably witty upon it, quoting one of the stanzas as "a fair specimen of Yankee poetry;" and pronouncing it "stuff," "bombast," "sickening nonsense," &c.

Now will not this fellow learn that he has written himself down an ass, when he finds, as he probably will, one of these days, that the hymn, which he attempts to make merry with, is not, we are sorry to say, an American production, but decidedly the most sublime and beautiful effusion that ever proceeded from the pen of its illustrious author, Dr. Watts, who was, if we may believe his biographer, an Englishman? Every one remembers this magnificent funeral hymn, commencing—

"Unveil thy bosom, faithful tomb,  
Take this new treasure to thy trust,  
And give these sacred relics room  
To slumber in the silent dust!"

It will be difficult to find four lines in the English language to match these in the

mournfully majestic flow of the language, and the august beauty of the sentiment.

*Thursday.* Had a visit from J., who is in great trouble because of an attack upon him in one of the scrub newspapers with which the city abounds. If there is a weakness worthy of contempt it is this sensitiveness to newspaper animadversion. The licentiousness of the press is an evil, which infallibly cures itself. No person of common sense thinks now of attaching the slightest credit to a criticism he sees in print, unless he is personally acquainted with the author, and esteems him as a man of intelligence and integrity. This is an obvious consequence, when the facilities for appearing in print are so great and the obstacles so few, that every thriving quack, who has a patent pill or a decoction of sarsaparilla to advertise, regards it as his cheapest plan to establish a newspaper. Every scheming politician now-a-days keeps his editor. If you have a grudge against your neighbor, the simplest way of revenging yourself is to start a paper and fire away. And yet is it not amusing to see what fantastic airs a man will put on, the moment he gets the control of types and ink! From his tone you would infer, he believed, that in the tip of his pen was a final court of appeal in all matters of taste, politics and religion. He fancies that he can demolish the reputation of years by a paragraph, or destroy the sale of a work by the momentous announcement of his dissatisfaction. Innocent dreamer! Will you never be convinced of the truth, that "a man can be written down only by himself?"

*Evening.* Met her twice in Broadway this forenoon. The idea struck me, does she sing? I could never fall in love with a woman who didn't sing. If it was not I, it was a friend of mine, who wrote a capital stanza, upon a lady's singing the celebrated lines, so wonderfully set to music by a great master—

"Angels ever bright and fair,  
Take, O take me to your care!"

What could be more neat, more graceful and more delicately adulatory, than this commentary?

"When you invoke the angels' care,  
In strains so exquisite and rare,  
I tremble lest you should be heard,  
And they should take you at your word!"

Speaking of singing, when are we to have a decent opera again? Is it not monstrous that in this great city, pretending to be civilized, there is not musical taste enough to support one?

*Friday.* In the house where I am lodging, there is a fellow named Sprigg, or Grigg, or Rigg—I forget which—who is learning to play on the bassoon, or some other infernal wind instrument. He has become a positive nuisance to the whole neighborhood, and goes by the *soubriquet* of "*The Musical Bore.*" He commences practising about ten o'clock in the evening, and keeps it up often till three in the morning, without the intermission of ten minutes. The other night he roused the whole house in his attempts to achieve a certain note, which resembled in its sound something between the roar of a mad bull and the snorting shriek of a locomotive steam-engine. Poor J. and his wife, (the latter with her baby in her arms,) followed by Smith and others in their night-clothes, went in a body to Sprigg's room to expostulate, and implore him to stop. But either on account of the noise he was himself creating, or his utter forgetfulness of every thing but the diabolical effort in which he was engaged, he turned a deaf ear to all entreaties.

Finding there was no cessation of the uproar, I filled a pail with water, and entered the room, resolved to quench, for that night at least, the musical ardor of the barbarian. Motioning to all present to retire, I approached stealthily, and took a survey. Over the mantel-piece was a portrait of Handel. Was it merely fancy that made it seem as if the eyes of the picture were turned with a look of angry disgust upon the wretched bassoon-player? The hands of the clock pointed to past midnight. Poising the pail adroitly, I emptied its contents in one overwhelming torrent over the head of the unsuspecting Sprigg. At the same time putting out the light, I retreated up stairs to my attic, followed by the roars and anathemas of the musician, and by the blessings of all those whom he had roused from their slumbers. There was no more playing of the bassoon that night. Sprigg is a fat little dumpling of a man—an old bachelor I am told, who is in love with a girl young enough

to be his great-granddaughter. He is studying music for her sake—intending to form one of a band of serenaders beneath her windows one of these moon-lit nights.

*Saturday.* Nothing remarkable occurred; unless it was the circumstance of Sprigg's departure from the city. He has gone off to Philadelphia—so one of the servants tells me—and his bassoon has gone with him—for all which, thank fortune!

*Sunday.* Did not meet her to-day; but ascertained at length something tangible in regard to her through a friend, who is acquainted with the family in Eighth-street, whose house I saw her enter. Learned that she is the daughter of a wealthy southern planter—has recently quitted a boarding-school, and is still single.

*Monday.* She has left the city for the South—wo's me! Would that I might follow.

*Monday.* A week has passed since I have noted a line in this flimsy diary of a "young man out of employment." It may be as well to record the cause of the omission. I have seen some unaccountable things done by women in my day—and been knowing to some extraordinary matches. I have seen a girl, whom I always esteemed as a person of good sense, intelligence and spirit, reject half a dozen fine fellows, devotedly and disinterestedly attached to her, and fix her affections upon a brainless, conceited, and ill-

looking fop, who openly boasted, that "the girl was damnably in love with him, and that he married her, partly out of pity, and partly to pay off his tailors' bills." I have seen a woman surrounded by all the elegancies and amenities of life, with an affectionate husband and three interesting children of a tender age, forsake them all, and, with them, all decent society of her own sex forever, to run off with a renegade clergyman and philosopher, who wore spectacles and a wig. But never was I so astonished at any feminine caprice, as I was on hearing last Tuesday evening, that the young lady, whose beauty had so much attracted my attention, and almost kindled my heart, had, unknown to her parents—married—of all the world, whom, but—Sprigg!

By what "conjunction and what mighty magic," could such a conjunction have been brought about? Sprigg is old and infirm—and has recently taken advantage of the bankrupt law. He is illiterate, cowardly, and irredeemably stupid. Who will not be ready to exclaim with the poet, after this:

"How little flattering is a woman's love!

Given oftentimes to whosoe'er is nearest

And propped with most advantage. Outward grace

Nor inward light is needful. Day by day,

Men wanting both are mated with the best

And loftiest of God's feminine creation,

Whose love takes no distinction save of gender,

And ridicules the very name of choice!"

## TO A LADY.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

How brief the hours I passed with thee!  
Not swifter doth the sea-bird flee,  
When to his home upon the shore  
He dashes 'mid the billows' roar.  
Not faster from his mountain-height  
O'er snows that dazzle mortal sight,  
The lammergeyer leaps and springs,  
With feet whose speed outrivals wings.  
Not faster—but I cannot find  
Save in swift thoughts that cleave the mind,  
A simile which can express  
How, gazing on thy loveliness,  
The lightning moments came and went  
Athwart my heart's clear firmament.

Ah, when shall I those hours renew,  
When thy dear form and features view,  
When listen to thy melting words,  
Like notes of Summer's early birds?  
The past, the past is shining fair,  
For thou, most beautiful, art there;  
The present seems a dreary wild  
In which no cheering ray has smiled;  
The future—oh, 'tis beaming bright  
As jewels in a brilliant light;  
For Hope, exulting, points and shows  
An Eden where in her own bower,  
Herself, like Eve, the fairest flower—  
In sweetness blooms my blushing rose!

## A CHAPTER ON SLEEP.

BY CHARLES M. WARD, M. D.

"How much sleep, Doctor, does a man require?" is a question almost daily put to physicians. The answer is as obvious and common as the interrogatory—"some constitutions require more and some less." My belief is, however, that ninety-nine persons out of a hundred both eat and sleep more than is beneficial.

Barry, in his work on Digestion, has made a whimsical calculation on the tendency of sleep to prolong life. He asserts, that the duration of human life may be ascertained by the number of pulsations which the individual is able to perform. Thus, if a man's life extends to seventy years, and his heart throbs sixty times each minute, the whole number of its pulsations will amount to 2,207,520,000; but if, by intemperance, or any other cause, he raises the pulse to seventy-five in the minute, the same number of pulsations would be completed in fifty-six years, and the duration of life abbreviated fourteen years. Arguing from these data, he alleges, that sleep has a tendency to prolong life, as, during its continuance, the pulsations are less numerous than in the waking state.

This is a very comfortable doctrine for sluggards, but unfortunately it is fallacious. I have read somewhere of a German philosopher, who contended, that sleep was the state of being most natural to man, and that his waking hours should not constitute more than one-third of his existence. Unlike most theorists, he undertook to test the truth of his doctrine upon himself; and dozed away the greater part of his time. The consequence was, that he soon lost the small intellectual capital he had, and lapsed into a state resembling idiocy. Apoplexy at length finished his experiment.

There is an old saying, that "Six hours are enough for a man, seven for a woman, and eight for a fool." It is calculated that one-half of a child's life is passed in sleep, and one-quarter to one-sixth of the adult

existence; but for old age there is no fixed period or limit. Old Parr slept almost constantly about the close of his life; while Dr. Gooch records the case of one whose period of sleep was only one quarter of an hour in the twenty-four. It is well to inure an infant to a gradual diminution of its time of sleep, so that at ten years old its period should be about eight hours.

With regard to the necessary quantity of sleep for adults, so much depends upon age, constitution and employment, that it is impossible to lay down rules of general application. As a precept, however, for the regulation of sleep in energetic constitutions, the wise distribution, which King Alfred made of his own time into three equal periods, may be recommended—one being passed in sleep, diet and exercise, one in despatch of business, and one in study and devotion.

Jeremy Taylor states that three hours only in the twenty-four should be devoted to sleep. Baxter extends the period to four hours, Wesley to six, Lord Coke and Sir William Jones to seven, and Sir John Sinclair to eight. With the last of these Macnish is disposed to coincide, and says: "Taking the average of mankind, we shall come as nearly as possible to the truth when we say that nearly *one-third part of life* ought to be spent in sleep: in some cases, even more may be necessary, and in few can a much smaller portion be safely dispensed with. No person who passes only eight hours in bed can be said to waste his time in sleep."

According to Georget, women should sleep a couple of hours longer than men. For the former he allows six or seven hours, for the latter eight or nine. I doubt, however, if the female constitution, generally speaking, requires more sleep than the male; at least it is certain that women endure protracted wakefulness better than men, but whether this may result from custom is a question worthy of being considered.



It is certain that strength or energy of brain will, when aided by custom, modify the faculty of controlling the disposition to slumber. Frederick the Great, and Hunter the great surgeon, slept only five hours in the twenty-four; while Napoleon seemed to exert a despotic power over sleep and waking, even amid the roaring of artillery. An engineer has been known to fall asleep within a boiler, while his fellows were beating it on the outside with their ponderous hammers; and the repose of a miller is nowise incommoded by the noise of his mill. Sound ceases to be a stimulus to such men, and what would have proved an inexpressible annoyance to others, is by them altogether unheeded. It is common for carriers to sleep on horseback, and coachmen on their coaches. During the battle of the Nile, some boys were so exhausted, that they fell asleep on the deck amid the deafening thunder of that terrible engagement.

Captain Barclay, when performing his extraordinary feat of walking a mile an hour for a thousand successive hours, obtained at last such a mastery over himself that he fell asleep the instant he lay down.

The faculty of remaining asleep for a great length of time is possessed by some individuals. Such was the case with Quin, the celebrated player, who could slumber for twenty-four hours successively; with Elizabeth Orvin, who spent three-fourths of her life in sleep; with Elizabeth Perkins, who slept for a week or a fortnight at a time; with Mary Lyall, who did the same for six successive weeks; and with many others, more or less remarkable. In Bowyer's Life of Beattie, a curious anecdote is related of Dr. Reid, namely: that he could take as much food and immediately afterwards as much sleep as were sufficient for two days.

The celebrated General Elliott never slept more than four hours out of the twenty-four. In all other respects he was strikingly abstinent; his food consisting wholly of bread, water, and vegetables. In a letter communicated to Sir John Sinclair, by John Gordon, Esq. of Swiney, Caithness, mention is made of a person, named James Mackay, of Sherry, who died in Strathnaver in the year 1797, aged ninety-one; he only slept,

on an average, four hours in the twenty-four, and was a remarkably robust and healthy man. The celebrated French General Pichegru informed Sir Gilbert Blane, that during a whole year's campaign, he had not above one hour's sleep in the twenty-four. Macnish knew a lady, who never slept above half an hour at a time, and the whole period of whose sleep did not exceed three or four hours in the twenty-four; and yet she enjoyed excellent health.

Instances have been related of persons, who never slept; but these must be regarded as purely fabulous.

More sleep is required in winter than in summer. Were there even no constitutional causes for this difference, we should be disposed to sleep longer in the one than in the other, as some of the circumstances which induce us to sit up late and rise early in summer, are wanting during winter; and we consequently feel disposed to lie longer in bed during the latter season of the year.

"Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep."

What a line that is of Young's! I never read it without wishing that my head was on a pillow. Some have thought that sleep arose from certain conditions of the blood in the vessels and nerves of the brain; its congestion in the *sinuses*; or a *reflux* of a great portion of it towards the heart. Indeed the conceits upon this subject are innumerable. Where the truth lies, I presume not to decide, but it is clear there is a necessity for the occasional repose of the mental organ:

"Non semper arcum  
Tendit Apollo."

Watchfulness invariably reduces, even in the brute: the wild elephant is tamed by the perseverance of the hunter in keeping it constantly awake.

But if sleep be a grateful restorative, its too great indulgence can undoubtedly be made most pernicious. There can be no doubt that one of the most admirable conduces to health is early rising. "Let us," says Solomon, "go forth into the fields; let us lodge in the villages; let us *get up early* to the vineyards; let us see if the vine flourish; if the tender grape appear; if the pom-

egranate bud forth." Few men have ever distinguished themselves, who were not, at least during the active period of their lives, early risers. Homer, Virgil, and Horace are all represented as early risers. The same was the case with Paley, Franklin, Washington, Priestly, and Buffon, the latter of whom ordered his *valet* to awaken him every morning, and compel him to get up by force if he evinced any reluctance; for this service the valet was rewarded with a crown every day, which recompense he forfeited if he did not oblige his master to get out of bed before the clock struck six. The Duke of Wellington is an early riser. So is John Quincy Adams.

In the will of the late Mr. James Sargent of Leicester, is the following clause relative to early rising: "As my nephews are fond of indulging in bed in a morning, and as I wish them to improve the time while they are young, I direct that they shall prove to the satisfaction of my executors, that they have got out of bed in the morning, and

either employed themselves in business, or taken exercise in the open air, from five o'clock every morning, from the fifth of April to the tenth of October, being three hours each day, and from seven o'clock in the morning, from the tenth of October to the fifth of April, being two hours every morning for two whole years: this to be done for some two years during the first seven years, to the satisfaction of my executors, who may excuse them in case of illness, but the task must be made up when they are well, and if they will not do this, they shall not receive any share of my property."

The man who rises betimes is in the fair way of laying in both health and wealth; while he who dozes away his existence in unnecessary sleep, will acquire neither. On the contrary, he runs every chance of losing whatever portion of them he may yet be in possession of, and of sinking fast in the grade of society—a bankrupt both in person and in purse.

## JOTHAM'S FABLE.

FROM THE BOOK OF JUDGES, CHAPTER IX.

BY JOHN HANMER.

HEAR ye a fable of old, a tale of the Mount Gerizim.

Trouble came to the trees, a dream to the murmuring forest:

"Who shall be king," they said, "the lord of the shades and the branches?"

And they chose the olive first, but the olive answered, "I pray ye,

Why should I leave my fatness, wandering hither and thither,

To be the lord of the trees; I, joy of the temple corners?"

"Then come, sweet fig," they cried, "for thine shall be the dominion."

But the fig-tree made reply, "My lot is cast in a border

Sunny and fair to behold, I seek not the name of a ruler."

And they stooped their heads to the vine, "Oh queen of the beautiful clusters,  
Twine thy tendrils around us, and all our kind shall obey thee."

But she laughed from a cup of gold; and said, "My throne is the wine-press,

Why should I dwell with ye, whom God and man have adopted?"

Then they turned to the bramble, and hailed him with all their voices;

"Ha!" said the earth-born knave, with a sharp and emulous accent,

"If ye anoint me king, see that ye trust in my shadow."

So did the bramble reign, the lord of the oaks and the cedars.

## A TOUCH OF THE TRAGIC.

BY EPES SARGENT.

By the merest accident, in taking off the envelope from an old volume, the other day, we hit upon the following lines from a juvenile tragedy, which martyr-like perished in the flames some years since. If the reader can imagine what they are all about, it is more than we can ourselves; but as they have escaped from the *auto-da-fé*, at which their brethren were consumed, we will give them the benefit of their good fortune.

*Adrien.* This is no land for me! For me no more  
The sun can brighten it—no more the spring  
Make lovely its green vineyards. All is changed!  
A shroud is on its beauty; and corruption  
Festers beneath it. All at once, the air,  
Which shook perpetual fragrance from its plumes,  
Seems pent and damp as if it were exhaled  
From a sepulchral dungeon. Ah, my friend!  
This is no land for me—this land of France!

*Dalconi.* It is your native land! The veriest serf  
Reverses the ties that bind him to his country!

*Adrien.* Where freedom is, there only is my country!  
There my allegiance points, and only there!

The ties that bind me to that sacred soil,  
Not death itself can sever. Ah, Dalconi,  
There is a duty second but to that  
We owe to the Creator—higher far  
Than all the claims of country, kindred, friends,  
Of government, society and law—  
The duty of self-reverence. Tyranny  
Has with it no alliance—it must breathe  
Freedom's pure air, or perish!

*Dalconi.* Dangerous words  
Were these, committed to unfriendly ears!  
Louis the Fifteenth, and his saintly court  
Would stare at them, methinks.

*Adrien.* As owls and bats  
Stare at the sunshine. Ay, the truth would blast them!  
*Dalconi.* For language such as yours, I will admit,  
This is no country.

*Adrien.* Wherefore I would leave it.  
No other benefactor have I known  
Save you my friend, from childhood to this hour.  
My lot in life, high thoughts and gentle breeding,  
All that I have, are due to your protection.  
Believe me, I am grateful.

*Dalconi.* (*Aside.*) How his words  
Shake the dark purpose of my heart! In vain!  
All's iron here once more!

*Adrien.* To you, my friend,  
I will confide my inmost hopes and fears.  
Worn with the chase, and parched with eager thirst,  
Lately I sought a neighboring peasant's hut.  
'Twas on the day you left me in the forest.

*Dalconi.* Yes, I remember.

*Adrien.* 'Twas an humble dwelling.  
Yet did it bear the consecrating impress  
Of taste and neatness. Hastily I entered,  
And, had I met Diana in the grove,  
Fairer than sculptor's dream e'er imaged her,  
I had not started with more pleased surprise  
Than in that lowly hovel to behold  
A maiden, whose unaided loveliness,  
Whose matchless symmetry of form and feature,  
And whose divine simplicity of mien,  
Meek yet majestic, timid yet composed,  
Made me forget all that I came to seek,  
And gaze in silent wonder.

*Dalconi.* (*Abstractedly.*) Even I  
Have had such day-dreams; but a dreary waste,  
Black, desolate, and filled with spectral shapes,  
Stretches between them and the present hour!  
Go on! it was a freak of memory.

*Adrien.* You seem familiar with my story?

*Dalconi.* Ay,  
It is an old one, Adrien, and repeated  
By young hearts daily.

*Adrien.* Ah! to me, 'twas new!  
Fresh as the morning, beautiful as Freedom,  
And radiant with a myriad airy hopes,  
That from my heart leap'd forth like unseal'd fountains  
To sparkle in the sunbeams. Yes, we met;  
We loved, we were betrothed. And now, Dalconi,  
My purpose is, to seek with Coralie,  
That clime—that glorious clime beyond the seas—  
Where Freedom's battle has been fought and won.  
O, come with us, my friend. A heart like yours  
Must sicken hourly at the hideous wrongs,  
Which Privilege on trodden Labor heaps.  
Come, where enfranchised man acknowledges  
No power to claim his knee save God's alone!

*Dalconi.* (*Aside.*) What! leave the harvest, for  
whose tardy ripening  
I've watched through smileless years! Fool, fool, to  
waver!

(*To Adrien.*) No, the old trunk would hardly bear  
transplanting.

Even in its native soil no verdure springs from't—  
'Twould perish in a foreign!

*Adrien.* Then, farewell  
To France—to you, Dalconi.

*Dalconi.* Have you then  
The Count's consent to bear away his handmaid?  
*Adrien.* His handmaid! His consent! Consent!  
Just Heavens!  
What mean you by such language? Speak, *Dalconi*!  
*Dalconi.* Inferred I rightly from your tale, this  
maiden,  
Whose charms have won you, is a peasant's daughter,  
Born on the Count's estates?  
*Adrien.* Most true. What then?  
*Dalconi.* She cannot marry—cannot quit the soil,  
Without her master's—  
*Adrien.* Master's!  
*Dalconi.* Master's will!  
Such is the law.  
*Adrien.* To hell then with such laws!  
Cursed be their framers to the end of time!  
And doubly cursed be those, whose abject souls  
Bow to the yoke! O bitter degradation!  
What! Like a . . .

At this portentous point, the fragmentary manuscript, from which this extract is taken, is so singed and blackened by the flame, that not a word more is legible. To future commentators must be committed the task of filling up the blank, and of furnishing an outline of the plot. We are wholly unable to supply the hiatus—valde defensus! We possess no clew whatever to the fate of the interesting *Coralie*, nor can we imagine what sort of a conspiracy it was that the mysterious *Dalconi* was brewing. We suspect that *Adrien* made a very tragic end of it, and that the villainous count, to whom allusion is made, turned out to be his father. This is mere surmise, however. We would not speak confidently upon so important a matter.

## THE VESPER BELL.

A MEZZOTINT ENGRAVING—BY SADD.

THE exquisite mezzotint, which we present in this number of our magazine, will repay the closest scrutiny of every lover of art. The scene is one eminently suggestive of poetic feeling; and language can throw little light upon the story which it so plainly tells. It is the twilight hour. The sun has sunk, and "the sickle of the moon" has just dimly appeared above the horizon. Three figures are in the frail skiff upon the smooth, translucent lake—the principal one of which is that of a monk attached to the convent, which stands on the edge of the opposite shore.

As the boatman and his wife are rowing across the waters, the bell for vespers sounds—their oars are instantly suspended—and the spirit of prayer descends upon all. And then, ere they resume their task, the evening chant of the choristers of the convent arrests their attention, and with hearts softened and moved, they listen to the impressive strains:

"Hark the vesper hymn is stealing  
O'er the waters soft and clear;  
Nearer yet and nearer pealing,  
Jubilate, Amen.  
Farther now, now farther stealing,  
Soft it fades upon the ear.  
Jubilate, Amen.

"Now, like moonlight waves retreating  
To the shore, it dies along;  
Now, like angry surges meeting,  
Breaks the mingled tide of song,  
Jubilate, Amen.  
Hush! again, like waves, retreating  
To the shore, it dies along.  
Jubilate, Amen."



## THE CHILD'S TRANCE.

BY RUFUS DAWES.

A LITTLE girl of four years old  
Lay shrouded for the bier,  
O'erstrewn with flowers still wet with dew,  
And many a glittering tear :  
Bereft of life so young, and torn  
From off their parent tree,  
Dear child ! where should the flowers repose  
In death, unless with thee ?

The shaded room, all tenantless,  
Hears not a footstep fall ;  
The coffin has been brought and left  
Half covered with the pall ;—  
Two forms unseen are there—Decay,  
Who whispers Death, in fear,  
As if he saw his victim *smile*,  
Or felt an angel near.

Three days, three nights, the long white shroud  
Has wrapped that lingering bloom ;  
Three sad brief hours will bring the hearse  
To bear it to the tomb :  
So still ! so calm ! well may it be,  
Sweet spirit, while thine eyes  
Are bending on the innocent  
Like thee, in Paradise !

Oh, visions of the beautiful,  
That come to us in dreams,  
And bathe the heavy-laden heart  
In bright, celestial streams,  
How dark, how cold, must seem your joys,  
Compared with those that rise,  
When this dull earth is left, to meet  
A living angel's eyes !

Midway in heaven, that sun, from whence  
Our natural sun above,  
Pours down its glittering radiance  
Of married Truth and Love :  
While forms, transcending human art,  
Yet human more than we,  
Live in the love of usefulness,  
Their chief felicity.

The angel child of earth looks on,  
Where crowds like her are seen,  
All frolicking with little lambs,  
That bound upon the green :  
Some garland them with choicest flowers,  
And kiss them in their play,  
So happy, that no happier  
Were ever blest, than they.

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How radiant their infant smiles !  
How musical their tones !  
There's nothing of the beautiful  
On Earth such beauty owns ;—  
Affection, beaming from their eyes,  
Glow on their dimpling cheeks,—  
So, warm and mellow sunshine gilds  
The snowy mountain peaks !

The angel child of earth looks on,  
And longs to be as they ;  
And yet, in vain she tries to join  
The cherubs at their play :  
With spreading arms and earnest gaze,  
She struggles and 'tis done—  
A lamb is nestling at her heart,  
A garland too is won !

Hark ! 'tis the tolling bell of death,  
The funeral train is come,  
To bear the body to the grave,  
Its everlasting home :  
How mournfully the mother moves  
To kiss her child once more !  
How noiselessly she lifts the latch,  
And swings the chamber door !

Her hands are clasped—her eyes are dimm'd  
With thick suffusing tears—  
Oh God of mercy ! can it be ?  
Her child alive appears !  
'Tis but the image of dead hope  
On her distempered brain ;  
It cannot be the darling child  
Has come to *life* again !

Yes !—back to earth, in all its bloom,  
The living child is sent,  
See, how it grasps the funeral flowers,  
Still on the vision bent !  
And seems to nestle to its heart  
With ardor so intense,  
A lamb, the spiritual form  
Of infant innocence !

Oh stay that melancholy bell !  
And hide that gloomy pall !  
For only *Grief* is dead, and waits  
A joyous funeral !  
A spirit from its bright abode  
Back to the world is given—  
One angel more to sorrowing earth—  
One angel less in heaven !

## THE INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT QUESTION.

BY EPES SARGENT.

"THE International Copyright, so eagerly clamored for, is all humbug." Such is the initial sentence of an article in the February number of the Democratic Review. The positive style of the assertion would be more becoming, did not the writer (who, we presume, is no other than the estimable editor himself) lead us to infer, a few paragraphs farther on, that he is open to the charge of tergiversation of opinion upon this subject, he having not long since signed a petition in behalf of the measure, which he now condemns. New converts are proverbially intolerant; and in this fact we must find an excuse for the excess of zeal manifested in the very summary and sweeping assumption, which we have quoted.

Some ten years since we drafted what we had reason to believe was the first memorial ever presented to Congress in behalf of that most righteous measure, an International Copyright law. We procured many signers to it, the list being headed with the name of Edward Everett, and transmitted it to Washington to the care of Mr. Clay, at whose suggestion it was ordered to be printed by the senate. Mr. Clay's able and comprehensive report in favor of granting the prayer of the memorialists soon followed; but, in the mean while, some of the large publishing houses in Philadelphia and New-York took the alarm. Counter-petitions, signed by all the compositors, paper-makers, book-binders, type-founders, and press-men, whom they could influence, were poured in, and, through the efforts of Mr. Buchanan of Pennsylvania, the project was for the moment defeated.

What is the present state of things? According to the admissions in the Democratic Review, these self-same publishers are now the strenuous advocates of the measure they took such pains to thwart. The "poisoned chalice" has been commended to their own lips.

The friends of the proposed law claim its passage for two reasons: because it is just,

and because it is expedient. If the former reason is established, the latter must follow, "as the night the day;" but we believe that either position can be maintained, independent of the other.

The same arguments employed by the writer in the Review, and other opponents of the law, as applicable to foreign authors, would apply with equal force against the granting of any copyrights whatever, even where the author is a native citizen. "May I not light my candle at my neighbor's fire without paying for the privilege?" asks the writer in the Democratic Review. "What property," asked Sir John Dalrymple in the House of Lords in 1774, "can a man have in ideas? Whilst he keeps them to himself they are his own; when he publishes them, they are his no longer. If I take water from the ocean it is mine. If I pour it back, it is mine no longer. Besides," continued Sir John, "there are various methods of conveying ideas; by looks, at which the ladies are most expert. Now an ogle is a lady's own whilst in private; but if she ogles publicly, it is every one's property."

Absurd as such reasoning may appear, we must either maintain with this learned Theban, that authors are entitled to no compensation whatever, or we must admit, that it is equitable that a foreign author should have the same right that a foreign manufacturer or artist has, to enjoy the fruits of his labors in this country.

An English engraver or mechanic may come here, bringing with him the produce of his industry and skill, and dispose of it, without the risk of being plundered in the attempt. If he choose, he may remain here, prosecuting his craft, and reaping the due reward of his labor. But how is it with the English author? He may employ himself upon works especially adapted to the wants of our countrymen, and conducing greatly to their intellectual or pecuniary welfare, but unless he becomes a naturalized citizen, he cannot reap any advantage in the United

States from his toil. No sooner is his work published, than a dozen steam-presses are at work, emulous to reproduce it in a cheaper form, a day or two after the copy is received.

We will suppose a very probable case. Mr. Lyell, the distinguished geologist, visits our country, and collects a vast amount of information in regard to the coal and other mineral formations of our soil. He may have hit upon discoveries, the promulgation of which would impress a value upon large tracts of land now unprofitable and deserted. The hints, he has it in his power to impart, may be of a character to enrich us as a people, and to enlarge the boundaries of science. But what possible encouragement has he, to devote a year or two to the task of collating and digesting, and preparing for the press a work embodying the geological facts especially interesting to the people of the United States? The present piratical system excludes him from all participation in the profits resulting from his years of patient investigation and study. Is such a system either just or expedient?

Members of every other class and profession may enjoy the fruits of their labors in this country. Foreign merchants, manufacturers, jobbers, mechanics, actors, school-masters and physicians, are all protected, equally with the native citizen; but the poor author is ostracised. No inducement whatsoever is held out to him to emigrate. Unless he can show his certificate of naturalization, the moment he produces any thing worth stealing, it is pounced upon by the buccaneers of the press, and there is no help for him. Nay, the work, which he has spent years in elaborating, and upon which he rears his hopes of a posthumous fame, may be taken and mutilated, in order that it may be the sooner precipitated from the press, and all that he can do will be to rail from the other side of the Atlantic at the crying injustice.

And this, by the way, is no fanciful supposition. We could point to more than one instance, where the works of distinguished British contemporaries have been presented to the American public, in an imperfect and altered shape, and no mention made of the fact by the re-publisher. It is obvious that

the opportunities for the practise of such dishonesty are abundant. Can that system be a just one, which permits such abuses? And what man of intelligence, for the paltry satisfaction of procuring a book a shilling or two cheaper, would prefer being subject to such impositions?

With a strange inconsistency, the writer in the Democratic Review, in the same breath that he contends, that the admission of foreign authors to the privileges of the copyright protection, would be disadvantageous to American authors, confesses that the prosperity of his own magazine has been seriously injured by the cheap publications of the day. It will not be denied, that of these publications, nine-tenths are reprints of British works. And why are they afforded at so cheap a rate? Simply because the foreign author is plundered,—or, in other words, there is a virtual bounty upon the publication of foreign works in preference to those of native origin, because of the exemption of the former from the copyright tax.

It seems to us a most preposterous paradox to contend that an international copyright arrangement would be prejudicial to American authors. "If our publishers could secure English copyrights, they would invest all their money in them," says the advocate of the plunder policy. This is mere assumption. If the English book were really superior; likely to be more popular among our citizens; better adapted to the tastes and wants of the community, then it would be justly preferred to the American book. But this position must be granted before the other is admitted. All that is asked by the American author is "a fair field and no favor." He does not claim that the publisher shall buy his manuscript in preference to the Englishman's, for the reason that it is by an American, but for the reason that it is a better and more saleable work. And all that he demands is, that the English work shall not stand the chance of preference in the publication because of that law, or rather absence of law, which permits the robbing of the English author of his fee.

Mr. Alison, a British subject, writes an elaborate and voluminous History of Europe from 1789 to 1815. The better part of twenty

years is given to the preparation of the work. We will suppose that an American historian, Mr. Prescott, for example, commences, simultaneously with Mr. Alison, a history of the same momentous period. Mr. Alison's work is completed a few months in advance of Mr. Prescott's, and issued from the London press. After upwards of twenty years of patient industry and seclusion, Mr. Prescott brings *his* history to a termination. He applies to an American publisher, and submits his manuscript. "Ah, my dear sir," says the publisher, "you should have been in the field six months ago. We have just issued the first volume of Alison's work at the low price of a quarter of a dollar. The ground is pre-occupied. We couldn't publish your work if you made us a present of it."

"Very well, I will go to another publisher," says Mr. Prescott.

"That you can do," replies the man of business, "but unless you are content to receive nothing from him by way of compensation for your labor, how is he going to compete with our edition of Alison? We publish it at a rate so low, that we have merely the *manufacturer's profit* as a remuneration. Were we obliged to pay a percentage to the author, we should have to raise the price. I hardly think you will find a publisher rash enough to undertake your work on *any terms*—certainly not, unless it can be afforded as low as Alison's—which would be impossible, if there were an author's profit to be made out of it in addition to the manufacturer's."

What could be said in reply to reasoning like this? Will not every practical man admit that it is irresistible; and that the pecuniary value of Mr. Prescott's work would be lowered incalculably in consequence of the exemption of Mr. Alison's from a copyright tax? And yet we are gravely told that American authors would be injured by an international copyright law! That our publishers would then confine themselves to the purchasing of English manuscripts! As if there was likely to be an everlasting and invariable superiority in the productions of the English mind over those of the American!

As an instance of the unfair and injurious competition of untaxed English works, look

at the republications of periodicals. Blackwood's Magazine is republished, as an extra newspaper, and sold for a shilling, and sent by mail to all parts of the country subject only to newspaper postage, while an American magazine, the weight of a copy of which may not be half as great, is charged with a postage double or treble the amount. Surely a competition like this must be disadvantageous to American periodicals; and we have the testimony of the editor of the Democratic Review himself to this effect. The man who steals his brooms "ready made," can of course sell them cheaper than he, who has to purchase the material and pay for the manufacture.

Justice to the authors of the United States, and a due regard to those rights of literary property, which ought to be as sacred as any other rights, demand the immediate adoption of such legislation as recognises the interests of literature and of its disciples. By this course we afford a double protection to our own men of letters—first by saving them from the ruinous competition of gratuitous manufacture at home, and again by opening to them in the market of Great Britain an opportunity of realizing such additional return as the comity of international arrangement would at once open to them by reciprocal laws of copyright.

The condition of the law on this subject on both sides of the Atlantic, is the great present obstacle to the progress of American literature. Few will starve themselves for the sake of amusing or even edifying their fellow-men. Such an excess of enthusiasm is hardly to be expected. The spirit of our free institutions does not admit of the official patronage and support of men of letters, which have been in other countries so liberally and honorably afforded. We have no sinecures and pensions, no places and scholarships for the encouragement and reward of learning. What is to be done for the advancement of literature and science, therefore, must be accomplished by the public, by the aggregate of numerous small contributions, to be derived from the circulation of the works of an author, and levied in the shape of an inconsiderable tax on the sale. But for American works there can be no profitable or successful sale as long as our publishers are



permitted to prey upon the untaxed property of foreign authors without legislative interference. The evils and abuses of the present

licentious system are daily increasing, and we trust that a liberal and enlightened Congress will soon apply a remedy.

## THE ORIGIN OF MUSIC.

BY JOHN HANMER.

"And his brother's name was Jubal; he was the father of all such as handle the harp and the organ."—GEN. iv. 21.

THE generations of the race of Cain,  
Children and sire have vanished from the earth,  
Yet do the arts they multiplied remain,  
Though the wide heavens were opened, and the rain  
Whelmed with its flood the world's sin-wasted birth;  
Oh 'twas not in the revelling house of mirth  
Deep music, that thy earliest strains were born,  
But in the wandering dwellings and forlorn,  
Of those blood-hunted fugitives—then first  
Did sorrow find a loving utterance there,  
And hope from thronging sounds divinely burst,  
And thoughts rush forth that speech did never dare.  
E'en their dread father, less supremely curst,  
Seemed, in such accents mingling with their prayer.

## ROMANCE.

O! she was a maid of a laughing eye,  
And she lived in a garret cold and high;  
And he was a threadbare, whiskered beau,  
And he lived in a cellar damp and low.

But the rosy boy of the cherub wing  
Hath many a shaft for his tender string,  
And the youth below and the maid above,  
Were touched with the flaming darts of love.

And she would wake from her troubled sleep,  
O'er his tender billet-doux to weep;  
Or stand like a statue cold and fair,  
And gaze on a lock of his bright-red hair.

And he who was late so tall and proud  
With his step so firm and his laugh so loud;  
His beard grew long and his face grew thin,  
As he pined in solitude over his gin.

But one soft night in the month of June,  
As she lay in the light of a cloudless moon,  
A voice came floating soft and clear  
To the startled maiden's listening ear.

O then from her creaking couch she sprung  
And her tangled tresses back she flung;  
She looked from the window far below,  
And he stood beneath—her whiskered beau!

She did not start with a foolish frown,  
But she packed her trunk, and she scamper'd  
down;  
And there was her lover tall and true,  
In his threadbare coat of the brightest blue.

The star that rose in the evening shade  
Looked sadly down on a weeping maid;  
The sun that came in his morning pride  
Shed golden light on a laughing bride. H.

# The White Room.

## No. I.

WOULD that we could do justice to the scenes and conversations, of which the walls of our White Room are daily the dumb, if not the deaf, witnesses! About an hour since, there was a gentle tap at the door. "Come in!" we exclaimed; and we fear there was a slight tone of impatience in our voice, as we spoke, for we had just sat down to answer a huge pile of letters, which two mails had accumulated upon our table. "Come in!" we repeated, as there seemed to be some hesitation on the part of the individual who knocked, in taking advantage of our invitation. The only reply was another timid tap.

Hastily rising, we pulled open the door. If our equanimity had been so far disturbed by the interruption, that the shadow of a frown had passed over our brow, how soon was it dispelled by the sight of three young and beautiful ladies, from whom the summons had proceeded! Begging them to enter, they complied, and we closed the door and placed chairs for their accommodation.

What a privileged being is an editor! thought we, as, with a rapid glance, we took a survey of our fair visitors. All that we remember of their appearance is, that they were all extremely comely, that one was blue-eyed, another dark-eyed, and the third attired in black. They looked at one another for a moment or two, as if doubting who should take the responsibility of speaking first. At length the lady in black, (we suspect that she must be a widow), with a smile, which disclosed as immaculate and perfect a set of teeth as we ever beheld, remarked: "Do not be alarmed, sir; we have not come armed with manuscripts—"

"Ah, madam," interrupted we, "would you had come armed only with weapons as harmless!"

The lady bowed, and continued: "We are a committee delegated by a society of ladies, partly literary and partly charitable in its character, to call upon you, and offer some suggestions."

We rose, and laying our hand upon our heart, said, with the gravity of a prime minister, "We shall be eternally grateful, madam, to the society, which you represent, first for

making us the recipient of their friendly counsel, but more especially for selecting such organs to communicate it."

"The speech is a good one, were it only a little more in earnest," said the lady in black, nodding to the blue-eyed lady.

To which the blue-eyed lady made reply: "Methinks the gentleman doth protest too much."

"Indeed, ladies, you do us injustice in your surmises," said we, resuming our seat. "Superintending a literary work, which appeals chiefly to the countenance of your sex for the favor it may find, we should be blind to our own interests did we not receive with gratitude and respect any suggestions you might offer."

As we looked up after this disclaimer, we caught the glance of the dark-eyed lady fixed upon us with an expression so full of mischievous merriment and sly distrust, that we could only escape from laughter by turning to her, and saying: "In you, certainly, we shall find a voucher for our sincerity. Surely you will not join with your colleagues in their suspicions?"

"By no means. In every committee there should be at least one member to form a minority."

"Thank you," said we, hastily withdrawing our eyes from the dangerous shafts of fun and repartee, which began to flash from hers.

"I am commissioned to inform you," resumed the lady in black, "that the members of our society have taken a genuine interest in the success of your magazine; but—"

"But what, madam?" interrogated we, impatient at the pause.

"There are some things that might be reformed."

"Have the goodness to specify them."

"You will not be offended, or consider us intrusive?"

"Intrusive! Say that the sunshine is intrusive! that the violet, the pond-lily, the blossoms upon the—"

"There, that will do. We know exactly what you would say. The first criticism, then, we would offer is, that you would please

us better by expending upon a single fine and faultless engraving the sums, which you now pay for two or three very respectable, and, comparatively speaking, well-executed plates. Every body knows, that an engraving is valuable, first for the merit of the design, and secondly for the amount of labor and skill bestowed upon the execution. We are assured, from our own investigations into the subject, that it is utterly impossible to afford more than one highly elaborated and exquisitely finished engraving every month in a magazine sold at a price as low as yours. It is therefore our petition, that you immediately institute a reform in this particular; and give us one really magnificent plate rather than two, that are only pretty good."

"But think you the public taste is sufficiently refined to appreciate such an innovation? Will it not demand quantity rather than quality?"

"Our own opinion is, that the public taste is sufficiently matured to approve of the change. There is but one sentiment in regard to it among the ladies, with whom we have conversed."

"Your suggestion is indeed worthy of attention. It shall be faithfully canvassed, and the wishes of our subscribers shall be our law of action. Is there any other feature in the work, wherein you would recommend a change?"

"There is much disagreement among us upon the subject of fashion-plates—"

"And that," interrupted we, "reminds us that we received this morning, a letter full of judicious hints and womanly good sense, from a lady, whom we are sure you must all know by reputation, and knowing, must venerate—Miss Catharine E. Beecher."

"Indeed! Pray read it to us," exclaimed the blue-eyed lady.

"You shall hear some extracts at least; for we think, that as an act of justice to the writer, they should be made known."

"To the Editor:

"DEAR SIR:—Last summer, when my sister, Mrs. H. B. Stowe and myself were at the East, we were consulted by Mrs. Sigourney in reference to the Fashion Plates of the *Lady's Book*, of which she was (nominally) the Editress. She seemed a good deal annoyed by some criticisms on the indelicacy and especially on the unhealthful distortions exhibited in those Fashion Plates, for which, it seems, she was held responsible as Editress. We both agreed with her as to the pernicious influence of such drawings, and the undesirable-

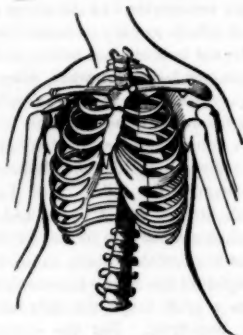
ness of her appearing to sanction them. When we went on to Boston, Mrs. Hale called on us to consult us on the same subject. At that time I suggested the plan of having the figures of the Fashion Plates drawn from classic models, according to the true rules of beauty, and then clothing them in the current fashions. She seemed pleased with the idea, and said it should be done. She then requested one of us to write an article to accompany the improved fashion plates. My sister agreed to do it, and I to act as a substitute in case of her failure. Afterwards Mrs. Hale wrote twice to us at this place to secure this article, and I wrote it and forwarded it at the time she specified. If you will look at this piece of mine (in the January number of the *Lady's Book*, Editor's Table), and Mrs. Hale's remarks prefacing and following it, you will perceive that we all three were made to endorse the Fashion Plate figures as models of grace, beauty, and healthful proportions; and yet I have never seen worse distortions. \* \* \*

"The state of my health is such, that I shall probably spend the coming year in travelling, and, as my widely dispersed family and friends as well as my pupils, are to be found in almost every state, I shall probably make a circuit through most of the Union. Almost the only method of usefulness remaining to me, is to do what I can, to promote a *healthful periodic literature*. This I shall aim to do by conversation with editors, the instructors of our colleges and female seminaries, and the clergy; a great number of whom are my personal friends. I shall endeavor to bring into notice, and secure their recommendation for what, after consideration, may seem *the best periodicals*. I am decidedly favorable to having some periodical chiefly for amusement; and I think our ladies must have something like the Fashion Plates to guide them at the toilet. And I care not how much humor, sprightliness and wit are found in such a work if it be but harmless. I would not require that every thing be made strictly *useful* (as the term is commonly used)—for I deem a good laugh not only lawful but positively beneficial. But the wishy-washy love stories, that are found so abundantly in many of our periodicals, I can in no way class as either useful or amusing.

"Before starting on my pilgrimage, I wish to make up my mind as to which are the best periodicals, religious, literary, and amusing. Under the last head, I should class the *Lady's Book* and kindred periodicals. I have examined the specimen numbers of the five most

conspicuous, and find yours as a promising *new comer*, which has a chance to go ahead of all compeers.

"This it is that leads me at this time to inquire, firstly—what are your views as to the expediency of attempting to alter the tastes of our countrywomen in reference to *contracted waists*. On this page, below, I have drawn from Dr. Ticknor's *Philosophy of Living* the outline of the *Venus de Medici*, with a skeleton outline exhibiting a healthful and natural body.



As Nature forms.

Beside it is the *fashionable waist*, and the skeleton exhibiting the unnatural distortion that must be perpetrated to get a woman into that shape. It is accomplished by any tight dress around the waist while the body is growing—so that the upper and lower parts grow while the middle portion is stationary. Thus the ribs are bent into the unnatural shape that

impedes all the functions of life. This picture exhibits one reason why nine young women in this country out of ten lose their health in two or three years after marriage. The tastes of all have probably been so vitiated by predominating fashions, that a perfectly classic figure, unfashionably dressed (except to artists and amateurs) would not look so well as one with a waist too slender for health or beauty. But this taste can be changed, and its change would save many a fair victim from languor,



As Art deforms.

disease and death. Can any thing be attempted in your magazine for this end?

"In the next place will you give me your views as to the expediency of furnishing something more practical and more solid than is usually found in such magazines as yours? \*\*\*

"Will you, also, do me the favor to call on Bartlett and Welford, Broadway, and ask them



to deliver you on my account, a copy of my 'Treatise on Domestic Economy.' In this work you will find how deep an interest I have felt on the subject of *female health*, and I hope you may find some views in it, that, by the aid of your periodical, may be more widely disseminated than the book itself will probably be.

"Walnut Hills, Ohio, Jan. 31st, 1843."

"Admirable advice, admirably conveyed!" exclaimed the lady in black, as we finished the reading of these extracts. "Miss Beecher has expressed all that we wished to say far more impressively than we could have done."

As the lady spoke we inadvertently glanced around at the waists of our fair visitors; and, so far as outward appearance could be relied upon, we were assured that the tyrant Fashion had not profaned them by an unnatural compression of their fair proportions.

"You would discover if we practise what we preach?" said the lady smiling. "Indeed we deplore that perverted taste, which can tolerate the existing custom, so justly reprobated by Mrs. Beecher."

"We laugh at the Chinese for their torturing modes of stunting the growth of the feet of their females," replied we; "but to our eyes an unnaturally small foot is far less offensive than an unnaturally contracted waist. Tight lacing would be far less pernicious and more appropriate to the male than to the female formation; and in the man's case the injury would be more liable to be confined to himself. But the woman, who thus undertakes to *spite nature*, commits a double wrong. She not only suffers the penalty of such an infraction of natural laws herself, but bequeaths it to her offspring, so that a physical deterioration is the consequence. But perhaps, we are getting a little too physiological."

"By no means," said the lady in black; "I think it a pity, that such abuses are not more freely discussed. We might then hope for a reform. Your correspondent's allusion to classic figures reminded me of the exquisite etching of Sir Thomas Lawrence's painting of Lady Leicester in the last number of your magazine. Place that by the side of a Fashion Plate, and see how much more beautiful than art is nature."

"The contrast is indeed a striking one," we replied, as we made the comparison.

"And now," continued the lady, "that we have your opinion upon a subject full of importance to the rising generation of females, tell us what you think in regard to a departure so far from the beaten track of the ladies' mag-

azines of the day, as to intermingle with articles purely of fancy others of a practical, but not less attractive, character? Do not suppose, that in asking for a proportion of the practical, I would have you forage upon old cookery books, and tell us how to bake apples and pies, and prevent molasses jugs from running over.\* Such impertinences would be as much out of place in a work of art and polite literature, as a shelf for pans and kettles in a boudoir."

We were relieved by these assurances on the part of the lady in black. We remembered that Hercules had been so far subdued by female charms as to consent to spin; and if our fair visitors had asked us to write a treatise upon gruel, we are not sure that we could have refused their request.

"We think we understand you," we replied. "Our magazine is, in the first place, a magazine of *literature*, and under that head may be classed the multifarious creations of the imagination, poems, tales, sketches of life and character, essays, satires, and extravaganzas; also notices of new books, memoirs of literary men and women, reviews and commentaries on the times. In the next place it is a magazine of *fashion*; and, to this department, a character of practical utility may be imparted. Our fashion plates exhibit the latest prevailing *modes* at Paris; and Paris, so far as dress is concerned, stands in the same relation towards the civilized world that the Pope occupies towards Catholics. We shall endeavor to obviate the objections raised by Miss Beecher and yourselves, by selecting the most unexceptionable models. But we do not see why the defects of the *figure* should be imitated, when it is a copy of the *dress* only that is wanted. The French women are more regardful than any other of the laws of health; and the deleterious practice, which we have united in condemning, is not at all prevalent amongst them. If their waists appear small, it is owing rather to the arts of the dress-maker, than to any *forced abbreviation* of their circumference. But upon these mysteries we cannot presume to give you instruction. All that we intended to say was, that in the department of fashion,

\* One of the illustrated magazines for February, under the head of "Things worth Knowing," instructs its readers how "to prevent a jug of molasses from running over, at the top." (Pray where else should it run over?) And what do you suppose is the mysterious process? Let all good housewives take note of this *thing worth knowing*. It is imparted in these words: "as soon as you receive it (the jug), pour out a small portion of it (the molasses) into another vessel, for instance, a pitcher or a bowl!!!"

you might reasonably expect such hints, comments, and physiological criticisms as might be at once useful and entertaining. Lastly, our magazine is one of *art*; and therefore are our engravings, etchings, mezzotints, colored plates of flowers, wood-cuts and music all appropriate. But still farther to extend the *usefulness* of this department, you would suggest, (and we mean to avail ourselves of your suggestion,) that articles of intelligence in relation to the various branches of art, biographical notices of distinguished painters and musical composers, accounts of new operas, with specimens of their style, histories of modern discoveries in art, outline etchings on steel of celebrated paintings, &c. &c., might appositely find a place in our pages. Have we not anticipated your suggestions?"

"Most fully," said the lady. "And if these are to be the characteristic features of your magazine, it must and will succeed; for every lady in the land will welcome it."

"With such advocates," replied we, bowing, "success is no longer questionable."

"You will, then, entertain our suggestions?" asked the lady.

"It shall not be our fault if we do not adopt them," returned we; "for they are all founded in good sense."

"There is one new feature in your magazine, which we all concur in admiring," said the blue-eyed lady. "I allude to the series of our native wild flowers, so exquisitely drawn and colored. Who does not love a flower?"

"Surely," responded we, "no one, in whom, as in yourself, so many affinities with its bright and fragrant qualities can be traced. These wild flowers are, many of them, of so delicate a nature, that the artist was obliged to copy them in the woods; for no sooner are they plucked than they droop and fade. The drawings are all colored by hand by numerous young females, who have been instructed for this especial purpose; and it should be made known to our readers, that these plates are even more expensive than elaborate engravings on steel. This is the first attempt that has been made to publish a collection of colored engravings of the wild flowers of the United States. And to whom, if not to the ladies, can an appeal be made to forward such an undertaking?"

The dark-eyed lady was about to make a remark in reply, when there was a boisterous knock at the door. Before we could move to open it, it was thrown open, and in walked Mr. Badger, the collector. The blue-eyed lady, the

lady in black, and the dark-eyed lady all simultaneously rose to depart.

"Don't stir on my account, your ladyships," said Mr. Badger, putting his best leg forward; and then in an aside to us, he whispered, "introduce me, will you?"

We could have bitten through our lip with vexation, at the interruption, for we had begun to be very particularly interested in our fair visitors, especially the one in black.

"We fear we have taken up too much of your time already," said she, addressing us, without noticing Mr. Badger.

"We know of nothing we would more readily part withal—to such as you," we replied, at the same time cutting our eye at Badger, and motioning him to go. But he would not take the hint. With that grace and ease of manner so peculiar to him, placing his right hand in his waistcoat pocket, he affably accosted the dark-eyed lady, calling her attention to the fact, that it was a fine day.

The dark-eyed lady replied only by a momentary glance of surprise; and then, all three turning to us, bade us good morning and withdrew.

"Fine women those! Splendid women!" exclaimed Mr. Badger, as the door closed. "That one with black eyes looks as if she might be the daughter of a man I have a bill against—would have found out her name, and asked her to jog her father's memory, hadn't she been so deuced diffident. Great country this!"

"Badger!" muttered we between our teeth; but, as we were in a passion, we checked our utterance, and, remembering Franklin's advice, counted six. "What is wanted?" asked we in conclusion.

"Simply this," he replied. "Since your correspondent has shown me up for the admiration of a discerning public, my business has increased so much that I have been compelled to take a box at the Merchants' Exchange. Just apprise the world of that fact, if you please."

"Certainly. You may be said to prosper then, these hard times?"

"Ay. Great country, this. Plenty of desperate debts to collect. People find me irresistible, though—especially the women. Shall light down upon some big bugs, next week."

"Ah, indeed. Good morning, Mr. Badger. Allow us to congratulate ourselves, that we are not on your visiting list."

"Ha, ha, ha! Not so bad. Well, good bye." Mr. Badger made his exit; and resuming

our pen, we attempted to write. But it was all in vain :—

"The bright, black eye, the heavenly blue—  
We could not choose between the two."

**JULIA OF BAINE; OR THE DAYS OF NERO.** New-York: Saxton & Miles.

The author of the "Merchant's Daughter," Virginia," &c., has already won considerable reputation; and his present work is of a character to increase it. "Julia of Baine" is a history of the tragical events of the dark days of Nero. The larger portion of the characters are chosen from history, and the aid of fiction has been little resorted to, and little needed, in investing them with interest. The description of Julia's gradual conversion to Christianity, through the gentle influence of her lovely and enthusiastic friend, Salome—of her secret baptism—her firmness in the faith—and her death amongst the martyrs, is touchingly beautiful.

**THE PIERIAN; OR YOUTH'S FOUNTAIN OF LITERATURE AND INSTRUCTION.** New York: Saxton & Miles.

A periodical for youth, with this appropriate title, has just made its appearance. It is edited with spirit and talent by Mrs. Anna L. Snelling, author of *Kabaosa*, &c. It appears monthly, and every number is embellished with a steel engraving, several wood cuts, and two pieces of music. The matter successfully combines amusement and instruction. Several pages are devoted to the insertion of young ladies' compositions. We have many periodicals for the young, but few of a more attractive nature than the Pierian.

**THE WIDOW'S SON: A Sketch from Real Life.** By R. C. Waterston. Boston: James Munroe & Co.

A pathetic little poem with this title has been laid upon our table. The author is favorably known for his philanthropic and enthusiastic efforts in behalf of the intellectual elevation of the poor and neglected classes of the community; of whom he is the eloquent and faithful friend and champion. The poem before us, though wholly unpretending in its character, is marked with passages full of beauty and vigor, which show that the writer is capable of a much higher flight whenever he may choose to put forth his strength.

#### LITERARY ITEMS.

The Harpers are about to re-issue the volumes of their "Family Library," at one half the original price.

The popular work of Mr. Norman, entitled, "Rambles in Yucatan," has passed through a second edition.

"Hoboken," a romance by Theodore S. Fay; "Conquest and Self-Conquest, or Which makes the Hero?" "The May-flower, or Sketches of Scenes and Characters among the descendants of the Pilgrims," by Mrs. H. B. Stowe, are among the American works, which the Messrs. Harper have in press.

"The Critical and Miscellaneous Writings of Theodore Parker," Minister of the Second Church, Roxbury Mass., have been published by James Munroe & Co., of Boston.

A new novelette, entitled "Francis of Valois, or The Curse of St. Vallier," has been published in the cheap pamphlet form, at present so much in vogue, by J. Winchester & Co., 30 Ann-street. It is from the pen of Edmund Flagg, Esq., a writer, who bids fair to rival James in his tragico-narrative stories. The present work is founded, we believe, on Victor Hugo's play of, "Le Roi s'amuse."

Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, has assumed the editorship of the *Lady's World of Fashion*; and N. P. Willis is now connected as editor and proprietor with the *Brother Jonathan* newspaper. Both works will be greatly improved by these accessions.

Does not Mr. Longfellow intend giving to the public a neat edition of his "SPANISH STUDENT," which was published in detached parts some months since in *Graham's Magazine*? We regard it, as by far the best dramatic production from an American pen that has yet appeared. It abounds in passages of extreme beauty, and the dialogue is remarkably animated and pungent. Why do not some of our managers afford it a trial on the stage—"the poor, neglected stage?"

#### BOTANICAL DESCRIPTION OF WILD FLOWERS.

1. *Lathyrus Myrtifolius*, or *Woodland Pea*. Class, 16. Order, 10. This variety of the *Lathyrus* has its stem naked, round; stipules semi-sagittate, acuminate; leaflets numerous, opposite, ovate, acute; penduncles shorter than the leaves; about three or four flowered.

It flowers in July, and seldom exceeds six inches in height. The specimen from which the drawing was made was found near the Hudson river, in the woods, about three mile north of Poughkeepsie. It delights in a dry, gravelly soil.

2. *Lobelia Claytoniana*, or *Mountain Lobelia*. Class, 5. Order, 1. This variety of the *Lobelia* is erect, simple, sub-pubescent; leaves numerous, oblong oval, sessile, entire; cauline ones long and broad lanceolate; radical ones entire; bractes subulate; raceme

wand-like, many-flowered ; flowers blue, with long and curving stamens.

This species delights in an open elevated situation, growing in dry and gravelly soil. The flowers bloom only a day, falling every evening and strewing the ground with their brief-lived beauties, which glow in the rays of the morning sun like sapphires ; for though they fall from the stem, they do not fade before the close of the following day.

#### NEW MUSIC.

We have received from J. L. Hewitt, 239 Broadway, several new songs : " The Old Clock," a ballad, the words by Eliza Cook, the Music by H. Russell. The music is in the composer's best style, and the words are simple and touching.

" The Ship on Fire," a descriptive scena, words by Charles Mackay, Music by H. Russell. This is an extremely effective song, and full of dramatic point and power. It will serve as a companion piece to Russell's " Wind of the Winter Night."

" The Indian Hunter," a song, words by Eliza Cook, Music by Russell. This is a failure, both as respects the words and the music. The exclamation of " yah, yah, yah," is a burthen, which would be likely to excite one of " ha, ha, ha," among a mixed audience. Miss Cook can write much better about " old clocks" and " old arm-chairs" than about Indians.

" You'll not leave me dear," a comic duett ; — " What ails the Men," a ballad, by Mr. Walcott ; — the " Gazelle Waltz," — the " New-York Fusilier's Waltz," arranged for the piano-forte by Francis H. Brown. " Belleco della scozia," by Tadolini. " A Life on the Ocean Wave," music by Henry Russell, words by Epes Sargent, newly arranged *for the guitar*, are among the other recent publications of Mr. Hewitt.

#### TO OUR FRIENDS OF THE PRESS.

MANY of our editorial contemporaries, whom we know to be not unfavorably disposed towards our enterprise, have, through inadvertence or neglect, copied liberally from our pages without acknowledging the source, whence they derived their selections. We are sure that a hint will be sufficient to render them more attentive in future. Our contributions cost us no trifling sum ; and it is but a fair compensation to us, when they are extracted, (as they are pretty extensively,) for editors to append a brief notice, informing their readers in regard to the terms and place of publication of the magazine, from which they copy.

#### OUR EMBELLISHMENTS.

We present in this number of our magazine what may be distinctly pronounced the most expensive, beautiful and highly finished mezzotint engraving ever executed in this country. In order to prevent a delay in the appearance of our work, as well as to give due time for the printing of the exquisite copy of an *original* portrait by Sir Thomas Lawrence, so creditably executed by Messrs. Jordan and Halpin, we have concluded to defer the publication of that plate till our April number. By this delay our readers will be the gainers in having a more elaborate and carefully printed engraving.

We have resolved to furnish a series of illustrations, which shall have a sterling and permanent value, both from the intrinsic beauty of the design, and the high finish of the execution. The public appear to be getting tired of the meaningless pictures, with which they have been surfeited of late years. Children with pet dogs, young ladies with love-letters in their hands, and such like representations would all be very well, if the tameness of the subject were redeemed by the artist-like beauty and skill of the design. Masters like Reynolds and Lawrence can throw more poetry, life and material for thought, into the portrait of a ragged beggar-child, than other painters can communicate to a group of kings and queens. But the designs, of which we complain, have not been redeemed by any masterly felicity of style and execution. They have ministered solely to a meretricious and unchastened taste ; and the standard of art has been lowered amongst us in consequence.

Thanks to that measure of public favor and support, which has been liberally awarded to us, we have been enabled to make arrangements for the presentation of subjects of a far higher character, than any that have yet appeared in a magazine, engraved in a worthy and unusually expensive style. Our April number will contain the first of these ; and we bespeak the attention of artists and connoisseurs to the fine engraving from an original Lawrence, for the execution of which we have been indebted to Messrs. Jordan and Halpin.

#### TO OUR MUSICAL READERS.

Our next number will contain an original song by Dempster, which has been unavoidably intermitted the present month in order that our work might be seasonably in the field. His last two songs can be had at our office, 251 Broadway.







*From an original drawing by Sir Thomas Lawrence*

ENGRAVED EXPRESSLY FOR SARGENT'S MAGAZINE

BY JORDAN & GALTIN.

Printed by J. Neale

WILD FLOWERS OF AMERICA.

No 3.



*Aquilegia canadensis.*

Wild Columbine.

Drawn from nature for Sargents *New Monthly Magazine* by E. W.

Entered according to act of Congress in the year 1843 by Sargents & Co in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the Southern District of New York.